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THE FUNERAL OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THE remains of Lord BEACONSFIELD were committed last Tuesday to the resting place which he had himself chosen with a ceremony more imposing in reality than the most pompous public funeral. At a public funeral the attendance is perforce numerous and brilliant, but it is for the most part an official attendance, and the scene being London, the assistants put themselves but little out of the way. On Tuesday last an obscure Buckinghamshire village, and a ceremonial hardly more gorgeous than that which would be gone through in the case of any popular country squire, attracted an assembly which may be said to have been fully representative of the whole of English society. The heir to the Throne and two of his brothers, almost the whole body of foreign diplomats, all but one or two of the deceased statesman's colleagues, and many of his lifelong opponents, the heads or the heirs of the greatest houses in England, the most distinguished representatives of literature and art; last, but not least, a great multitude of delegates representing half the population of the country, followed the coffin of the late Conservative chief to his grave. That grave, putting the traditional abodes in death of the great men of England out of the question, could hardly have been better chosen. The country, better known perhaps than most purely country districts because of its lying on a road—the direct road from Oxford to London—which many men have trodden in the days which are least forgotten, has more than the usual charm of English country districts. Its remarkable diversity of hill and valley, the hills jutting out like promontories and embracing gulfs of green valley, while they themselves are saved by endless beech woods from the bareness which too often afflicts the higher eminences of the North and West, has a singular air of retirement and repose. It is not exactly a silent country, for the processes of fashioning the beechwood into its various uses are audible enough in most places. But the noise is rather cheerful than disturbing, and the manufacture is one of those old-world kinds which are conducted in cottage homes, and make a merely picturesque litter, not a grimy desolation. In the remoter depths of the hills and the woods the retirement is complete; and Hughenden itself, without a regular village, and at some distance from anything that, except in Buckinghamshire, would be called a town, is as far from any madding crowd as the most determined lover of a quiet God's acre could desire.

It is probable that there never has been so little discord in the opinion expressed at home and abroad at the decease of an eminent man. The graceful and satisfactory intention of the Government to erect, with the permission of Parliament, a monument in Westminster Abbey to Lord BEACONSFIELD, at the public expense, lost some of its grace by the unfortunate accident which prevented Mr. GLADSTONE from personally announcing it. Luckily, however, the person who stands next to Mr. GLADSTONE in general estimation as a representative of his party was able on an occasion suitable enough according to English habits, though it may seem incongruous to foreigners, to repair the misfortune to some extent. The plain and downright, but thoroughly satisfactory, panegyric which Lord HARTINGTON passed on the late Prime Minister at the Fishmongers' dinner expresses in an irresistible fashion the claims of Lord BEACONSFIELD

to the funeral honours he has received, and to those memorial honours which still remain to be paid. The eulogy is especially noteworthy because, as Lord HARTINGTON with just pride reminded his audience, it was practically only a repetition of one uttered by the same voice in the very hottest of the political battle, when but few on the same side were found to acknowledge the virtues of their great foe with the same union of courtesy and candour. It coincides, too, with the special praise which another Liberal, Lord ROSEBERRY, had bestowed when it was yet a question whether Lord BEACONSFIELD would live or die. Nor can it be doubted that this praise exactly expresses the feelings of the majority of the nation, and, what is rarer, and perhaps more remarkable, of almost all foreign critics who are able to judge. Amid the general chorus of eulogy, seldom other than temperate and appropriate at home and abroad, three persons only, whose names are known to any one beyond their own immediate circle, have ventured in various manner and degree to hint faults and hesitate dislikes. The dubious language of Canon LIDDON may be held to be either an apology for or a consequence of the uncertainty of vision which once made him unable to pronounce that bean-sacks were not men. M. SCHERER, according to a habit of critics, English as well as French, in dealing with foreign subjects, may have desired to convince his own countrymen of the profundity of his knowledge by differing with Englishmen themselves as to the obsolescence of Lord BEACONSFIELD's novels and the motives of Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, having sufficiently demonstrated already his lack of his father's qualities, may have desired to show that he at least possesses defects from which his father is free. But the mention of these discordant voices—*itself*, in a manner, a discord—may be excused as tending to show the real unanimity with which at least part of the excellences of the late Chief Minister of Queen VICTORIA has been recognized. It was once said of a different enough person, "C'est une pierre de touche, il déplaît invariablement à tous les imbéciles." Lord BEACONSFIELD undoubtedly had something of this same peculiarity; and it is not strange that some of those who disliked him should have been unable to avoid giving instances of the fact.

The terms of Lord HARTINGTON's eulogy might well be inscribed on the monument which Mr. GLADSTONE, it may be hoped, will still have the opportunity of formally proposing. "We have admitted," said the politician who for years had to fight a losing game against Lord BEACONSFIELD at the head of an insignificant and dispirited minority, lavish of imputation, and embittered by constant defeat—"We have willingly admitted that his policy has been directed to no mean petty personal or even party ends, that it has been one which, in his judgment, has been calculated to promote the greatness, the honour, and the prosperity of this country." No higher eulogium can be passed by an opponent on any statesman than this, and it is, unfortunately, not one which has been or will be passed on all who have occupied the place which Lord BEACONSFIELD held. It indicates moreover the special test by which history distinguishes between two classes of statesmen. It would be invidious even to specify the discrimination which this test has effected in times past, still more to speculate on the way in which it is likely to work in the future. It is sufficient that the most unquestionable testimony, the testimony of a persistent and con-

sistent foe, passes Lord BEACONSFIELD through the ordeal unscathed. It is this same peculiarity which has attracted most attention abroad. Abroad, too, even more than in England, the opinion of those who are qualified to judge asserts not merely that the greatness, the honour, and the true prosperity of England were Lord BEACONSFIELD'S constant aim, but that they were his actual achievement. A remarkable sentence, written without the least personal reference to him and published when he was on his death-bed, expresses the opinion of a competent and impartial critic on this matter. "Au lendemain de San Stefano," says a recent French writer, "les Russes sont les maîtres de l'Orient; après le traité de Berlin il ne reste plus au Czar d'autre client que l'état Bulgare diminué de moitié." It is certain that this is the all but universal opinion of the Continent, and it is possible that it may one day be the accepted opinion of English history. The Treaty of Berlin would thus be classed with the Triple Alliance alike in the magnitude of its immediate effect, and in the folly with which its advantages were thrown away afterwards. This, however, is contentious matter, and it is better for the present to keep to ground which is common to all but the eccentric, the ill-natured, and the ill-informed. Despite M. SCHERER, Lord BEACONSFIELD'S novels are not obsolete in England, and it is exceedingly improbable that "Coningsby," "Henrietta Temple," and "Contarini Fleming," to name no others, will miss such immortality as happens to the usually short-lived literature of fiction. But Lord BEACONSFIELD'S chief and proper function was not writing, well as he could and did write. The eulogy which has been made the text of this article seizes the real importance and nature of his work. At all times, those who are not rocked and dandled into legislators, but cut their own political fortunes out with their own swords, have been exposed to, and have too often deserved the reproachful title of adventurers. The epithet has been flung often enough at Lord BEACONSFIELD himself, and he has now been acquitted of it solemnly and finally by the deliberate judgment of those best qualified to judge with knowledge and least likely to judge with partiality. An adventurer does not set his country before party and personal ends; an adventurer does not come out of forty years of desperate political warfare with scarcely a personal enemy, and with hands on which unscrupulous and embittered foes are unable to detect a speck. Only in one sense, the older and better sense, of the word may the word adventurer be attached truly to Lord BEACONSFIELD'S career. All England admits that he followed the quest of the greatness, the honour, the prosperity of his country with the courage, the perseverance, the fortitude in defeat, the moderation in victory of a legendary seeker after adventures. Half England, at least, believes that before he was laid among the Hughenden beeches the quest, if, after the manner of such things, only for a moment, was attained.

GREECE.

THE Ministers at Athens have probably reasons of their own for delaying the announcement of a decision which they must necessarily take. They think it prudent to consult popular prejudice by affecting to regard as a misfortune the wonderful good luck of obtaining without a struggle the large extension of territory which the Porte has been induced to concede. In private life judicious persons never congratulate a friend on high promotion, on an unexpected windfall, or generally on any success which may have been achieved by himself or his family. Experience has taught them that it is more complimentary to assume that merit has been inadequately rewarded. Newly-made judges like to be pitied for the supposed diminution of their professional incomes; and bishops profess regret for the loss of their former freedom from responsibility. In all cases it is possible to imagine a preferable state of things, with which alone, as with a recognized standard, less eligible conditions of life are compared. The Greek Government has selected the decision of the Berlin Conference as the high-water mark which has not subsequently been reached by the diplomatic tide. If the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress had been less liberal at the expense of Turkey than the Ambassadors at Constantinople in their late deliberations, the Greeks would have repudiated the authority which they now describe as paramount and conclusive. At one

time they almost succeeded in persuading foreigners that they would go to war for the possession of Janina, Metzovo, and Prevesa; but sagacious observers justly conjectured that warlike enthusiasm was assumed for the purpose of obtaining as much as possible without detriment to the interests of peace. When the European representatives were instructed to warn the Greek Ministers of the consequences of further obstinacy, there could be no doubt of the ultimate acceptance of their advice. The disposition of the Court to consult the dictates of prudence was first allowed to transpire, and, when no disturbance followed, Mr. COUMOUNDOUBROS and his colleagues thought it safe to return a reasonable answer to the offer of the Great Powers. For the purpose of avoiding sudden inconsistency with the policy which had been previously announced, the Note, which contained the acceptance of the modified frontier, was expressed in studiously ungracious language. The Greek Government professed not to have recovered from its surprise at the refusal of the Powers to be bound by the decision of Berlin. It was also thought proper to publish a protest on behalf of the Greek inhabitants of the districts which are not to be surrendered; and, with better reason, an inquiry was made as to the time and manner of the evacuation of the ceded territory by the civil and military Turkish authorities. The quarrelsome tone of the communication mattered but little, as it was a substitute for the threatened declaration of war. The resignation of the Minister who was specially charged with the organization of the army served as an additional argument to show that the Cabinet had formerly been in earnest.

The Porte with good reason complains of the inadmissible pretensions of the Greek Government to make stipulations for the supposed benefit of the population of Epirus. The least that could be expected in return for a voluntary sacrifice was a receipt in full; but the European Ambassadors will probably explain that the blustering language of the Greek Ministers is addressed rather to their own countrymen than to the Turkish Government. More conciliatory professions would have little practical value. There is no doubt that, as occasion arises, the Greeks will promote intrigues both in the neighbouring provinces and in the islands of the Archipelago. It might have been courteous to suppress for the moment any publication of their future intentions; but verbal warnings are neither more nor less significant than well-known designs. The Albanian revolt, which is perhaps not yet finally subdued, may in some degree reconcile the Greeks to the avoidance of a collision which might be dangerous. The Albanian tribes have among their causes of dissatisfaction with the Government of the SULTAN a feeling of resentment at the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro, and they regard with alarm the establishment of Greek dominion in Epirus. According to the latest accounts, a body of Albanian insurgents has occupied a part of the territory which has been ceded by the Porte to Greece; and the League disputes the validity of the transfer. The victory of DERVISH PASHA may perhaps have broken the strength of the movement; but a Turkish general is not likely to exert himself for the purpose of compelling Albanians to submit to Greek authorities. The same officer, indeed, effected after long delay the cession of Dulcigno; but at that time the SULTAN and his Ministers were threatened with aggression by some of the Great Powers, and the friendly Government of Germany was exerting its influence to procure an early settlement of the Montenegrin dispute. Those who have the best means of judging of the present policy of the Turkish Government seem to apprehend no serious difficulty in the completion of the arrangement which has been effected with so much difficulty. In Thessaly there will be no real or fictitious insurgents to act the part of the Albanians, who, by a secret understanding with Constantinople, resisted for a time the surrender of Dulcigno. The province is occupied by regular Turkish troops, which will certainly obey the order to retire. It is highly probable that the ceded districts will contain many malcontents, including all the Mahometan population; but the majority will prefer, at least at the outset, Greek to Turkish rule.

The European Governments have not guaranteed to the SULTAN the quiet possession of his remaining dominions; but they have become morally responsible for the discouragement of Greek aggression, at least in the immediate future. It would be both dishonourable and impolitic to promote agitation for the transfer to Greece of the districts

in Epirus which are reserved to the SULTAN. The English Government, which has professed exceptional sympathy with Greece, is in consequence especially bound to adhere to the compromise which it has finally approved. Lord GRANVILLE's despatch to Mr. CORBETT exhausts the merits of the controversy; and it is satisfactory to find that the mistake committed at the Berlin Conference originated with the French Government. Lord GRANVILLE wisely gives the true explanation of the change in English policy. He and his colleagues would, he says, have supported the decision of Berlin; but they found that some of the Powers were not prepared to insist on the acceptance by the Porte of the proposed frontier. The English Government had the good sense to acquiesce in the modified policy of its allies, and it now reminds the Greeks that the territory which they will acquire is extensive, fertile, and defensible. It may be hoped that irresponsible English sympathizers with Greece will henceforth desist from further efforts to disturb the peace. No serious politician will repeat the opinion which Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE lately thought fit to deliver, that the Greeks ought to take what they can get, and to wait for the earliest opportunity of obtaining more. The rash and unjustifiable advice of an obscure member of the Liberal party would matter little, but that his name may perhaps mislead foreigners into the belief that he speaks with authority. It is well that they should know that the speaker occupies no official position, and that, in unconsciously dissociating politics from morals, he has no pretension to represent the Government. The Greeks are not so delicately scrupulous that it is necessary to stimulate them to practise a perfidious policy. It would be difficult to feel satisfaction in their good fortune if the political interests of the kingdom were exclusively considered. The object of the Great Powers was praiseworthy or justifiable, not because it aggrandized a petty State, but because it has emancipated a considerable population from alien rule. The faults of Turkish administration are incurable, through incapacity rather than by reason of deliberate injustice. That the SULTAN should still be strong enough to defend his remaining dominions is expedient in the interests of peace. It is well that no sacrifice of life or treasure has been made in resistance to Greek pretensions. Competent judges entertained little doubt that a Greek invasion could have been successfully repelled; but war, if it had once begun, might not have been confined to a single quarter. If peace can be maintained for a reasonable time, it is possible that Greece and Turkey may find that they have interests in common. Both Governments are concerned to resist the encroachments of the Slavonic Principalities; and the Greeks in the northern parts of the peninsula have already suffered from the civil and ecclesiastical oppression of the Bulgarians. Unless the hopes which have been excited are unexpectedly baffled at the last moment, some satisfaction may be felt in a settlement attained by the cordial co-operation of the Great Powers. It is also worth while to note that the concert of Europe has only been found possible when it was directed to peaceful objects.

THE LAND BILL DEBATE.

THERE is a sufficiently paradoxical superstition to the effect that a bad beginning makes a good ending, and on this principle the end of the Land Bill debates in the House of Commons ought to be very good indeed. The singular maladroitness, or still more singular contempt of good management, which has again and again characterized the present Government, never appeared more remarkably than on Monday night. Ministers had made a point of the debate beginning in earnest on that day, and had turned a deaf ear to all representations of the inconvenience thus occasioned. Yet when the time came they were not ready even to put in an appearance, much less to conduct operations regularly, and the Bill was introduced anyhow by an inferior official. The Opposition, however, were ready if the Government were not, and some at least of the difficulties which have been puzzling all heads for the last fortnight were put with his usual force, and more than his usual moderation, by Mr. GIBSON. Such a speech evidently demanded a reply of the most serious character. It would have been impossible for the Opposition, all things considered, to open fire from heavier guns. Their own Irish Secretary is not in Parliament, and Mr. GIBSON's position, as ex-Law Officer, gave him an official

status, which was more than supported by his admitted legal and oratorical ability. Yet the Government made no sign even after that black swan an Ulster Liberal had given them time to make up their minds. The squabble—for it hardly deserved any other name—which followed was sufficiently discreditable to the Ministry, even if they had not hit upon the felicitous idea of deputing Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, their ordinary peacemaker, to make play for them. The well-known effect of an eirenicon from the HOME SECRETARY is to set the House in a blaze, and something of this sort actually happened. That Mr. GLADSTONE should decline to receive lessons in the art of managing business was also nothing new. This is a favourite habit with the PRIME MINISTER; and, for some reason not altogether easy to discover, it never fails to fill his devoted followers with admiration. It may, however, be doubted whether it is either conclusive as an argument or sufficient as an excuse.

The point of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's jeer at Mr. GIBSON might have been anticipated. "You don't dare to move the rejection of the measure" was the only retort which the HOME SECRETARY could think of, and it was a very obvious one. It might have been hoped, but perhaps scarcely expected, that the discussion would be conducted in another fashion. In the first place, it is impossible, or at least unreasonable, to move the rejection of a measure, much of the meaning of which is certainly obscure to those who do not like it, and apparently unknown to those who do. But, in the second place (though it is not to be supposed that merely factious disputants, whether in or out of office, will understand this), to move the rejection of the Irish Land Bill *sans phrase* is no light matter, and one which but few serious politicians would take in hand. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his colleagues—who in the last Parliament repeatedly moved and supported resolutions and motions on foreign policy, the success of which was practically impossible, but which, if they had succeeded, would have produced consequences still more impossible to foresee—no doubt do not appreciate the attitude of hostile critics of the Land Bill. That attitude is, however, easily enough to be explained. There is, perhaps, no sane man acquainted with politics in either of the three kingdoms who believes it possible now to do without some sort of a Land Bill, unless England is prepared either to face permanent anarchy in Ireland or to put it down sternly and ruthlessly. It was possible a year ago; Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his colleagues have made it impossible. By coquetting for months with the Land League; by elaborate assurances that their measures of coercion, when at last they were decided upon, were merely the preface of measures of reform; by causing many landlords to give up the game in despair, and allowing others to be so nearly ruined that they are ready to accept any fragment of the loaf rather than none; by openly declaring their own belief in the occupier's right of partnership; by a score of other omissions and commissions, the Government have brought matters to such a pitch that something must be done. They have proposed a something which is more complicated than any measure of any kind that the English Parliament in all its experience has had before it, which affects not merely innumerable interests, but affects them in a way which is as yet dimly comprehensible, or not comprehensible at all. And all they have to say when explanation is asked for is, "You can take it or leave it; pass it or oppose it. If you dare not oppose it, what business have you to talk about it at all?"

Such, at least, was the attitude of the Government as it was displayed, not merely by their refusal to meet Mr. GIBSON, or in any way to enter on an explanatory course, but by the plain meaning of the HOME SECRETARY's speech. It was, of course, impossible that a pretension so monstrous should really be maintained; and Mr. FORSTER, late, unwillingly, and after many Irish and Liberal members had interfered to give him time to find something to say, did at last rise to meet Mr. GIBSON's objections, and to satisfy his inquiries. Practically speaking, the IRISH SECRETARY devoted himself to one point only—the point that the Bill, whatever advantages it confers on the tenants, confers them at the expense of the landlord without in any way compensating him. This is, of course, to put the matter in the largest possible way, but it is for the purpose sufficiently accurate. In particular, the objection has been made on all sides that the proposed tenant-right to be given must, if it have a value at all, have a value representable in money, and that exactly this amount is practically carved by the Bill out of the land-

lord's property. Mr. FORSTER denies this. He goes so far as to say that, if it were so, it would be a very unfair proceeding. But nowhere in his speech did he attempt to prove where the value of this tenant-right is to come from. If it is not to come out of the landlord's pocket, it must come out of the tenant's. That is to say, in the long run, besides paying a "fair rent" to the landlord, the tenant will pay the full balance of the utmost competition rent, in the form of interest on the sum he has paid to an outgoer, and a huge bonus having been given to the present generation of tenants, Ireland will in the future be worse rack-rented than ever. Mr. FORSTER's speech may be described not so much as an answer to Mr. GIBSON's doubts as a panegyric on the Bill. It had the fault of all such panegyrics, that it overlooked what is practically possible. In such cases the three-hooped pot is always to have ten hoops. Landlords and tenants are to be both benefited, and yet the benefit is to come out of nobody's pocket. The Land Court is to dispense absolute justice on the principles of the soundest equity, and yet there is to be no guarantee that it shall not dispense absolute injustice on the principles of decreed iniquity. In the enormous mass of discussion which has been published on the Bill, nothing has more clearly appeared than the arbitrary nature of the powers which this Court is to possess, and the probability of its acting most to the detriment of those who are the best landlords. To these things Mr. FORSTER has really nothing to say, except that he hopes the best things from this best of all possible Courts. Clearly that is not a satisfactory answer. What those who frankly admit that they dislike the Land Bill, but as frankly confess that, in view of the mismanagement of the last twelvemonth, they do not see how some measure of the kind is to be avoided, have a right to demand is, that the powers of the Land Commission shall be more strictly defined and guarded, and that the exact nature and origin of the benefits intended to be conferred on the tenant should be clearly defined. Neither on Monday nor in the somewhat jejune debate of Thursday night was this demand met. Mr. C. RUSSELL, representing the extreme partisans, and Mr. H. BRAND, representing the unwilling acceptors of the Bill, brought objections, but did little more, and the IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL repeated the policy of vague panegyric.

There are many minor points, doubtless, on which much discussion may and must take place, but these are the chief. If the Bill, as Mr. FORSTER's rose-coloured view of it represents, is merely meant to settle tenants in their holdings, to reduce confessedly exorbitant rents, to raise others which are unduly low, and to assure the payment of the settled amounts, there would be much room for objection to its principle as a needless and mischievous interference with laws which are quite certain to work in spite of it and to bring on the trouble over again, but there would be little room for complaint of positive injustice. At present there is a very great deal of room for this last complaint, and it is perfectly easy to see why the Government shrinks from facing the difficulty. The truth simply is that the fault of the Bill in the eyes of the Opposition is its merit in the eyes of the Irish party and the extreme Radicals. As the one side fears, so does the other hope, that the landlords will be robbed. No clearer proof of this could be given than the manifesto of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, representing as they do the Left Centre, not the Extreme Left, of their party. A demonstration that the landlords will not be robbed would therefore substitute only one class of opposition for another, while a demonstration that they will be robbed would alarm the moderate Liberals. It is, however, the absolute duty of the Opposition to insist on these points being made clear, and to be deterred by no unworthy insinuations as to obstruction from forcing the Government to speak out.

AMERICA.

IF the dead-lock in the United States Senate has a ludicrous side, it may also be regarded by patriotic Americans as a proof of the soundness of their institutions. The only question at issue is the appointment of the Serjeant-at-Arms and of half-a-dozen other officers of the Senate. Neither party pretends to believe that the duties will be better or worse discharged by a Republican than by a Democratic nominee; but both parties are determined that their respective opponents shall not have the pleasure of

the nomination. The Democratic Senators also rely on the hardship which, in their opinion, would be inflicted on the existing officers by removal from their places at the present moment. It had not been expected that any business would be transacted during the Spring Session, and consequently the Democratic Serjeant-at-Arms and his colleagues had thought that their tenure was safe till December. The Republicans reply that the fundamental principle of the right of the majority to govern is involved in the personal and trivial issue. They can out-vote their opponents, but without the minority they cannot make a quorum. The numbers would be equal but for the defection of MAHONE, one of the nominally Democratic Senators for Virginia, who represents in his own State the sacred cause of repudiation of debt. According to the Democrats, MAHONE is to be rewarded by the appointment of one of his partisans to the office of Serjeant-at-Arms. A Republican colleague probably alluded to the arrangement in the reference to the sale of Mr. MAHONE's vote in the Senate. The accused Senator replied that his assailant was a liar and a coward; and he was informed in return that he had lost the power of offering an insult. The altercation formed part of a promiscuous debate on things in general, and especially on the state of parties, which has occupied several weeks of compelled idleness. Day after day long speeches are delivered, sometimes to a very small audience, but there are no Bills, no motions, and no divisions. Happy is the country which can afford to allow its most important legislative body a holiday in mid Session of indefinite duration.

In the meantime the Senate has not lately held an executive Session for the consideration of the PRESIDENT's nominations. Two hundred and forty appointments are consequently suspended, though some of them are probably safe from eventual rejection. Mr. CONKLING is known still to resent the disregard by the PRESIDENT of his influence in his own State, but he has probably not ascertained whether the Democratic Senators will take part with himself or with the PRESIDENT. The main cause of quarrel is the nomination of Mr. ROBERTSON to the place of Collector of Customs at New York. Mr. ROBERTSON, who is an active election-manager, had done good service to Mr. GARFIELD during the Presidential contest, and he had therefore naturally incurred the displeasure of General GRANT's party and of his principal supporter, Mr. CONKLING. The appointment may perhaps have been intended as a challenge to this most formidable rival to Mr. BLAINE and Mr. GARFIELD in the ranks of the Republican party. As a political manoeuvre the nomination seems to have been a mistake, as the Republicans disapprove of an unnecessary schism in their own ranks. As a protest against Mr. CONKLING's theories of Civil Service patronage, the appointment of Mr. ROBERTSON was open to criticism. Mr. GARFIELD, like his predecessor, professes a desire to reform the Civil Service, and a President is likely to be sincere in a policy which tends to establish his own independence; but Mr. ROBERTSON's claims to promotion were exclusively political; and it is not known that the present Collector of Customs was incompetent to discharge his duties. Since his dismissal a memorial in favour of retaining his services has been numerous signed by New York bankers and merchants, who may or may not have been influenced by political motives. As an impartial American writer observes, it may be right to attack CONKLING, but not with CONKLING weapons.

The American Senate so far contrasts favourably with the English Parliament that its constitution is not doomed to organic change and that it is not engaged in revolutionary legislation. A Serjeant-at-Arms is a much more harmless subject of contest than the landed property of a kingdom. Even the larger issues which are raised in American controversies are almost exclusively retrospective. Northern critics affect to be shocked at a book lately published by Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS in defence of the expediency and lawfulness of his conduct before the outbreak of the war. If the question is to be decided by legal or constitutional standards, there is much to say in defence of secession; but it scarcely seems worth while to revive a dispute which was settled, not by logic or by legal discussion, but by superior force. Neither the North nor the South perceived at the outset that the institution of slavery was at the bottom of the conflict; and probably few intelligent politicians in the South now seriously regret emancipation. Political society in the United

States has since attained a condition of stable equilibrium which is enjoyed by no European State, and least of all by England. It is a melancholy task to read the articles in the *Quarterly Review* which not inaccurately recapitulate the progress of democracy and of subversive doctrines. Shame and sorrow may be justly felt that such things should be capable of being said,

Et non potuisse repelli.

The miscarriages and disasters connected with Central Asia and Southern Africa would alone justify feelings of regret and anxiety which are unknown in a country which has, happily for itself, no colonies, no dependencies, and no foreign politics. The best excuse for the persistence of the North in its resolution to suppress the Confederacy, was the determination that the Republic should have no formidable or equal neighbour. American citizens need no such impulse to the cultivation of patriotic pride. The classes which have lately become dominant in England seem to have no sympathy with national greatness or honour. It may be confidently asserted that such a transaction as the Transvaal peace would not have found a supporter in the United States.

The domestic dangers of England are even more serious than any external complication. Squabbles about Serjeants-at-Arms and Collectors of Customs are not only trifling in themselves, but they have nothing behind them. It matters little whether four years hence another new President finds a difficulty in inducing the Senate to confirm his nominations. Whatever may happen in the interval at Washington, the population and revenue of the Union will have largely increased, and the debt will have been reduced to comparatively insignificant proportions. The English Parliament will probably by that time have changed its constitution and its character; and a still more democratic House of Commons will probably have undertaken enterprises more anomalous than even the Irish Land Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE, who has himself denounced almost every existing institution, may perhaps have retired from official life; but he will be succeeded by still more violent politicians. The threatened extension of household suffrage to the counties will have destroyed the power, not only of the Conservatives, but of the Moderate Liberals; and all power will hereafter be vested in the representatives of artisans and labourers. The saying which was once attributed to Mr. BRIGHT, that such a democracy has never yet existed, may perhaps not be authentic; but it is undoubtedly true. The unqualified supremacy of a constituency living on weekly wages has no precedent in any other country, and it would be more menacing to property and order than any existing political organization. Perhaps at some distant period the evils which are reasonably apprehended may tend to cure themselves. In the United States the elections on which power and office depend are not controlled by turbulent demagogues, but managed by professional agents by methods which would in England be deemed correct. The Birmingham machinery, which is now mild for purposes of oppression and exclusion, would be more innocuous if jobbers superseded the ambitious agitators who devised the system. It is conceivable, but scarcely probable, that at some future time an English Parliament might spend the half or the whole of a Session in a contest for the appointment by one of two hostile parties of a Serjeant-at-Arms. America has already attained that enviable condition.

THE WEEK'S OBITUARY.

WITHIN the last few days three men, each famous in their day, although for very different reasons, have passed away. Their careers are worth considering, not only because they played a leading part in great European countries, but because they were each in a special manner representatives of the country, or at least of one important section of the country, to which they belonged. Marshal VON BENEDEK was an admirable specimen of the commanders of a type high-minded, loyal, capable of considerable things, and incapable of very great things, whom Austria has sometimes sent out to victory, and often to defeat. He will be known in history as having lost the great battle of Sadowa, and it will be forgotten that he had previously commanded with success in Galicia, Italy, and Hungary. He accepted his post as head of the home army, in 1866, with

great reluctance, and only on the express order of his sovereign. If the plan of the campaign which he adopted was an obvious one, it was also obviously right, and was very nearly successful. As the Prussian army was coming forward in two halves, it was natural that the Austrian Commander-in-Chief should endeavour to crush one half before the other came up. He failed to carry out his design, partly because he was not possessed of the gifts requisite to infuse celerity into a vast force, and partly because the army itself was so disciplined, equipped, and led that it was ill adapted to move quickly. The fortune of the day, which for hours seemed promising for Austria, was decided when the CROWN PRINCE appeared on the scene. The Austrians fought with the greatest bravery; but they were outmanoeuvred, and they had the serious disadvantage of a weapon much inferior to the Prussian needle-gun. Austria had, as usual, got together a force very large and of very good quality. The ease with which, while BENEDEK was defending Austria against the Prussians, the Archduke ALBERT defeated the Italians at Custoza, showed how very strong Austria was against all except an enemy of the first class. But Austria, although in seven years she had repaired the losses of Magenta and Solferino, had never dreamed that it was necessary to have an army of a new kind. There was nothing of the growth of that military spirit, aiming at great achievements, studying every detail, pondering over every combination, and pushing the best men to the front which pervaded the army and the leaders of Prussia. In fact, Austria, like the rest of the world, very much underrated the capabilities of the Prussian army. It had been accustomed to lead in Germany because it had been taken for granted that the Austrian army must, in the nature of things, and in the absence of an exceptional genius like FREDERICK the GREAT, be more than a match for any army that Germany, or a part of Germany, could bring against her. If so, the man whom it seemed in accordance with the established order of things to appoint as Commander-in-Chief would do perfectly well. It was immaterial that the person thus marked out did not feel himself competent. He would, whether he liked his task or not, discharge in a manner satisfactory to Austria the duty of leading an ordinary Austrian army in the ordinary Austrian way. BENEDEK was quite up to the level of Austrian generals, and was perhaps superior to all of his generation except RADETSKY. He went to Sadowa, was beaten, and a new order of things commenced for Europe, for Austria, and for the Austrian army.

Nothing is harder for a nation, in spite of lessons and warnings, than to alter its military system, for the army is the creation of a Government and a people, and to alter the army it is necessary that the Government should undergo a change of policy and the people a change of character. If Austria had not learnt enough in time to anticipate Sadowa, France did not trouble itself to learn enough after Sadowa. The EMPEROR was probably better aware than any one else in France how little the lesson of Sadowa had been taken to heart. He was as reluctant as BENEDEK to enter on a campaign which caused him many anxious forebodings, and, like BENEDEK, he entered on his task in deference to influences and to considerations which left him, as he thought, no option. In part, he was led astray by a political miscalculation, for he thought that the South German States would either hold aloof, or openly side with him if he won a first success. In part, he was deluded by a military misconception, for he thought, and thought with apparent reason, that South German troops, even if they did fight against him, would not prove very formidable enemies. They at least had not been among the victors at Sadowa, and it might have been fairly said that Sadowa had taught, not that Germans generally, but that Prussians only, were dangerous. General VON DER TANN and his Bavarians were at Sedan, but then they were supported by the main force of the triumphant Prussians. It was only after Sedan that the General and his South German troops showed what they could do, when inspired by the example of Prussia and perfected by incorporation into the system of Prussian organization. For a short, but most critical, time the issue of the war, the issue whether France should close the war altogether crushed or not, depended on VON DER TANN and his men. The French had got their new army ready on the Loire, and the German army was mainly occupied with the investment of Paris and the siege of Metz. It was mainly the task of VON DER TANN to hold the army of the Loire in

check until the surrender of Metz set free an overpowering force of German troops. If the army of the Loire had not been held in check, the investment of Paris must have been abandoned. With great skill, with very great patience, persistence, and courage, the Bavarian leader held the army of the Loire in check until succour came up. It is true that VON DER TANN had mainly raw levies opposed to him, and that the new army was under the command of a general of moderate experience, reputation, and capacity. It is also true that Metz surrendered for political, and not military, reasons much earlier than it ought to have done, and that it was thus by a stroke of good fortune that VON DER TANN was helped as soon as he was. But, as things turned out, he so resisted as to gain great credit for himself and his troops, and he resisted long enough to save Germany from a prolongation of the war. And, as it happened, the service he rendered to Germany was political as much as military. He may be said to have been one of the chief founders of the German Empire. Of course, if he had not prevented the abandonment of the siege of Paris, there could have been no crowning of the German Emperor at Versailles. But this was not only or the chief sense in which he contributed to found the Empire. The basis of the new Empire was that the Royal family of Prussia should be placed at its head, as representing German States large and small, all of which had pretensions to independence, and had justified their pretensions by arms. Bavaria could regard Prussia on the footing of an equality, if not of force, yet of worth, and not in the humble attitude of a partner in the struggle who had done nothing towards a partner who had done everything. In founding the Empire and being merged into it, the smaller States could maintain their self-respect, and that this should have been possible was due to VON DER TANN more than to any other one person.

If the French Government had not largely profited by the lesson of Sadowa, the French people had never imagined that there was any lesson of Sadowa by which to profit. They shouted "To Berlin" as comfortably and gaily as they might now shout "To Tunis" had not times changed and they changed with the times. Nor was it only the foolish and ignorant who raised the cry. No one shouted and screamed so loudly as the recognized leaders of French popular opinion. Of all the screamers, the loudest and the fiercest was perhaps EMILE DE GIRARDIN, the cream of the cream of popular journalism. He has now died peacefully and happily, after a career singularly prosperous, influential, and interesting, if to give facile and impetuous utterance to any opinion that comes uppermost, and to find each successive utterance eagerly echoed by others, gives interest to life. No French critic would have admitted that EMILE DE GIRARDIN was the best writer or nearly the best writer that the press could boast; but every critic would have allowed that EMILE DE GIRARDIN was a complete embodiment of all that makes French journalism especially French. He was bold, independent, vivacious, very dogmatic, and very capricious; thought just enough to write well, and wrote well enough to permit him to think as badly as he pleased. He got over his professional dwelling when he killed ARMAND CARREL; and he was a master in the art of starting a journal, selling it, and starting another. He had no kind of scruple in turning suddenly from one point of the political compass to the other, for he could sell the expression of one opinion as well as that of another, and he was supported by the consciousness that the opinion he expressed was always his real honest opinion at the moment when he wrote. He was as far as possible from being a hack-writer, for he owned the papers in which he wrote, and he could sell a paper, whatever he might write in it. He had thus two of the greatest recommendations a journalist can have. He was found to be entertaining, and he was believed to be honest. He gained an importance which he greatly enjoyed, and he persuaded Frenchmen that it was a part of their day's work to find out what EMILE DE GIRARDIN had to say. Good judges could not expect to find much that was valuable in the expressions of his impromptu and momentary creed, but it was always possible that he might be saying something that was telling, and that an indefinite number of readers might repeat as of their own. On two or three occasions of his life he exercised incontestable influence on popular opinion. He gave voice to that reaction against the sternness of

CAVAIGNAC which paved the way for the election of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He rallied to the Liberal Empire, and believed in the crowning of the edifice when his rallying and his belief were of real service to the Empire. He threw himself heart and soul into the struggle of 1877 against reactionary intriguers, and the adherents of the present governing party freely admit how greatly they were indebted to his vehement and unsparing aid. He was thus, in an intelligible way, the greatest of French journalists, and perhaps he was the last of the journalists of his type. Life is too serious in France for another EMILE DE GIRARDIN to find with ease his proper sphere. There is abundance of vehemence and bitterness in French journalism; but it is expected to flow in the channel in which it first takes its course. There is no shouting "To Tunis" now, for the shouters would be afraid that their cries might be heard at Berlin. Everything in this world comes to an end; and the common fate has apparently overtaken such journalism as that of EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

ENGLISH LAND.

PROJECTORS, not satisfied with the realization in the Irish Bill of their wildest dreams, continue the agitation against the tenure of land as it exists in Great Britain. In his Budget speech Mr. GLADSTONE, while he intimated his future design of imposing additional taxes on landowners, excused the postponement of fiscal changes by alleging that they would form a part of a more comprehensive scheme. The extent of the proposed legislation is indicated by the cold support or positive opposition offered by the Government to Lord CAIRNS'S Bill for removing restrictions on the alienation of land. The transfer of discretion in selling settled lands from trustees to tenants in possession would, if the opinions of theorists are well founded, bring a large additional quantity of land into the market; but measures which are not directed against the continuance of life-estates appear to the Government, or to its advisers, insufficient. It is doubtful whether the economic and sentimental causes of the accumulation of landed property will be practically counteracted by any interference which falls short of the Continental method of compulsory subdivision; but the burdensome Succession duties which will probably be imposed by the present Government may perhaps tend to break up family estates. Down to the present time owners have rarely been inclined to sell portions of their property for the purpose of clearing off incumbrances or of improving the remainder; but if three or four per cent. on the capital value of land were charged on every succession, it might sometimes be difficult to raise the money by mortgage. It is also possible that the startling provisions of the Irish Land Bill may alarm landowners into an abandonment of their hereditary prejudices or instincts. When the doctrines of political economy are relegated to Saturn and Jupiter, the advantage of purchasing or possessing land in a better known and more lawless planet will perhaps become doubtful. Fifteen months ago an eminent orator provoked surprise and indignation by the gratuitous statement that landowners might justly be expropriated, if it were thought expedient to divide their estates among occupying freeholders. It was justly thought necessary to anticipate a contingency which the speaker himself professed to consider improbable. Circumstances change so rapidly that Irish proprietors would now gladly submit to the seizure of their land, if only they could secure compensation, which is not even mentioned in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill. Timid English landlords may perhaps be disposed to anticipate the time when a Government, anxious to appease popular clamour, may make the tenants a present of a half or a third of the property of the owners. It is true that a theory of customary tenure has been invented to excuse or explain the project of confiscation in Ireland. For the present, English tenants are allowed to depend on contract; but the special conditions of the Irish precedent will be explained away when the time arrives for spoliation in England and Scotland. Mr. BARCLAY and the Farmers' Alliance have begun not indistinctly to point to fixity of tenure as one of the objects of their agitation.

The more modest or plausible claims which are urged on behalf of tenant-farmers have within two or three years lost much of their force. The evils of limited ownership

have been habitually exaggerated, though few projectors have gone so far as Mr. ARNOLD, who hopes by means of subdivision of land to increase the population of the United Kingdom by five millions. It cannot be denied that in some cases a life-tenant has been less able than an owner in fee to do justice to the land. The process of borrowing money for improvements under modern Acts is cumbersome and expensive, and the interests of younger children not unfrequently clash with the object of improving land for the benefit of the heir. As a matter of fact, great settled estates are for the most part liberally administered; and in England, as in Ireland and in Flanders, small landlords are the most exacting; but there has been some foundation for the complaints which are loudly and constantly repeated. At present it is almost useless to inquire into special impediments which affect the expenditure of capital on land. With falling rents, and with the abandonment on a large scale of arable cultivation, few landowners have either the means or the inclination to sacrifice capital in addition to the loss of income. The absurd proposition that the produce of English soil might be doubled by improved cultivation has become irrelevant, as it was always practically untrue. Unless the gross produce can be increased without a more than proportional increase of cost, it is idle to discuss physical possibilities of artificial cultivation. Since the great fall in prices, which has followed on a great increase in the cost of labour, it is more than doubtful whether high farming is profitable; and the permanent improvements which the landlord is expected to make in many cases fail to return an income on the outlay. When a naturally fertile soil is saturated with moisture it is possible that it may still be worth while to drain; but drainage costs, on an average, from 8*l.* to 10*l.* an acre, and it ought to produce as many shillings of rent. At present a tenant is seldom disposed to pay interest on such expenditure; or, if he agrees to the arrangement, he is likely in a year or two to require, on some other ground, a reduction of rent. The improvement of roads or farm buildings, making no direct addition to the productiveness of the land, is still less tempting to a prudent landlord. Notwithstanding the voluminous lucubrations on landed property which have been published of late years, the owners of land have not been educated into the belief that they are public functionaries, with duties entirely unconnected with their interests. Those of them who have retained a smattering of economical knowledge since the science departed from the earth even doubt whether it is for the general advantage that they should improve land, except when their operations tend to the increase of their own revenues. At present it is only in rare instances that so-called improvements will pay.

The managers of the Liberal party are naturally proud of their successful efforts to detach the farmers from their ancient and natural alliance with the Conservative landlords. The diminution of the majority at the West Cheshire election may perhaps have been caused by the hopes which are founded on the violent provisions of the Irish Land Bill; yet it is possible that the tenants may find that their interest is not identified with the cause of democratic change. Before the next general election they will have been practically disfranchised, as the landlords were deprived of political power by the introduction of the Ballot. The highest class of occupiers will find that large farms are naturally connected with large estates; and they can scarcely hope to be supported by the labourers under a system of household suffrage in any scheme for the acquisition of the land. It would not be for their benefit that the great landowners would be expropriated. Few of them, if they had the choice, would become owners of their farms on fair terms of purchase. It can scarcely be advantageous to any person engaged in an industrial occupation to sink a large portion of his capital in an investment at the lowest rate of interest. As an ingenious writer has lately contended in a series of letters to the *Times*, the most profitable tenure by which a farmer can hold is to pay a rack-rent, or, in other words, the annual value of the land. The landlord receives and the occupier pays about three per cent. on the capital represented by the land. Farmers have also learned by recent experience the unexpected lesson, that in times of difficulty they may detach themselves from the land, so as to anticipate the ruin with which they might otherwise have been threatened. The numerous tenants who have within two years thrown up their farms must have continued the business when it ceased

to be profitable if they had been freeholders as well as occupiers. Some of them were bound by engagements for terms of years; but agricultural leases are for the most part one-sided contracts. The landlord must in any case perform his covenants; but there is, in the majority of cases, no use in insisting on the obligations of a leaseholder who complains that he is farming at a loss; on the whole, it is probable that the agitation of the farmers for advantages to be obtained at the expense of the landlords will subside before it has produced any considerable effect. It is possible that hereafter more revolutionary changes will be attempted by more formidable numbers. The division of England into petty freeholds would be a comprehensive and doubtful experiment. The most certain result, or rather the preliminary condition, would be a large diminution in the class of tenant-farmers, which will have been previously deprived of political power.

THE BRADLAUGH DIFFICULTY.

MR. BRADLAUGH has once more presented himself in his favourite character of the Radical HELEN, the fatal but fascinating person who brings Governments into disaster and parties into disarray. The difficulty which has been experienced for the second time in adding this particular sheep to the flock appears to have completely upset, at least for some considerable time, the never very stable equilibrium of Mr. GLADSTONE's temper. That temper was sufficiently irritable on Monday night; but the fretfulness of the PRIME MINISTER was fairly explained by the unlucky accident which had deprived him of the power of performing one of those rare acts of graceful generosity the opportunities of which English statesmen justly prize, and on the discharge of which they specially pride themselves. On Tuesday, however, Mr. GLADSTONE must surely have recovered from the vexation of having to commit the task of announcing the intended monument to Lord BEACONSFIELD to the hands of Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR. Perhaps his inability to attend the funeral brought on a new access of irritability. Perhaps his equanimity was upset again, and still more seriously, by the defeat he met with. The epigrammatic historians of the last century, who strove to imitate SALLUST and TACITUS, would probably have defined Mr. GLADSTONE as "strenuous in obtaining great victories; impatient in the sufferance of the smallest defeats." The PRIME MINISTER relapsed into his last year's mood of sulky inactivity—a mood which may, with much aptness and every disclaimer of disrespect, be compared to the well-known "then-I-won't-play" attitude of childhood. The majority, as Mr. GLADSTONE satirically designated his enemies, had acted for themselves, and they must take the consequences. Therefore the SPEAKER was left without the assistance of the leader of the House in carrying out its orders; an unseemly wrestle took place on the floor; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had to come once again to the rescue. Mr. GLADSTONE's contribution to the carrying on of the QUEEN's government and the national business was confined to one of his familiar protests against being instructed in his duty by any one. The folly, to say no more, of such conduct as this can be illustrated by a very simple dilemma. If the rebuke to Mr. GLADSTONE conveyed by the division was so severe as he seems to have considered it, his proper course was resignation; if, as is obvious, this is absurd, his proper course was to bow to the will of the House, and to remember that the leader, not less than the Speaker, of the House of Commons is its servant and not its master.

The merits of the case were so clear that only Mr. GLADSTONE's expectation—an expectation justified, it must be allowed, by the general conduct of his followers—of implicit obedience on the part of his party could have led him to expect a favourable division. When the advocates of Mr. BRADLAUGH's admission are driven to represent his exclusion as an inquisitorial proceeding, to suggest that the late Mr. MILL ought to have been excluded likewise, and so forth, the desperate weakness of their position is as good as confessed. It is not on record that the House had any official cognizance of Mr. MILL's religious opinion; nor has it been proposed to inquire into the religious opinions of any one who presents himself to take the oath. The entire proceedings in the matter of Mr. BRADLAUGH are integral,

and such of them as have taken place out of the House of Commons are but parenthetic passages, inseparable from the rest. It was the House which—with very doubtful wisdom, it must be confessed—delegated formally to the law courts the duty of examining into Mr. BRADLAUGH's case. It was before those law courts, thus representing the House, that Mr. BRADLAUGH voluntarily and solemnly declared himself a person on whose conscience an oath is not binding. To say after this that the House is not officially cognizant of Mr. BRADLAUGH's atheism, or that a confessional is being set up at the door of the House of Commons, is simply childish. The very journals and speakers who adopt this untenable ground admit that, in their own judgment, Mr. BRADLAUGH, by the manner in which he has conducted himself in this matter, has forfeited their sympathy, and cannot be regarded as a martyr for conscience sake. There was, therefore, no conceivable reason why indulgence should be shown to him or why the House should feign ignorance of what was unmistakably and unavoidably before it. Such an argument, resting as it did on premisses false in fact, is even feebler than the absurd quibble that the House has power to expel, but has no power to refuse to admit. Even if the power of expulsion did not necessarily imply the power of refusing to admit, there is no reason whatever for limiting the sovereignty of the House over all subjects affecting its own members. The question of the dignity of the House has been pooh-poohed; in reality, it is the kernel of the whole matter.

It was perhaps a sense that the defeat in numbers was for once only symbolic of a complete defeat in argument which made the tone of the Government much milder on Wednesday than on Tuesday. At first, it is true, Mr. GLADSTONE showed himself to be in an even more disturbed state of mind than on the previous night. He threatened the Irish members with delay of the Land Bill as a consequence of, or a punishment for, their conduct in the division; he rated an unfortunate member of the Opposition for daring to express by a laugh the opinion that the PRIME MINISTER's demand for a pledge of capitulation was a little surprising, and he generally showed his soreness at his defeat. On this occasion, however, Mr. BRIGHT, who on the night before was in the thickest of the battle, was, as the telegraph lately described the King of ASHANTEE, "quite peaceful." Perhaps the prospect of the Fishmongers' dinner soothed Mr. BRIGHT. Perhaps he perceived the extreme danger to his chief's reputation of a mere attitude of sulky petulance. As was pointed out last year, the evident desire of the Government is to get their *protégé* in without being obliged as a Government to propose the further relaxation of the oath. It is possible that Mr. GLADSTONE, owing to a remnant of antiquated prejudice, shrinks from drawing his own pen through the name of GOD in the admission forms of the House of Commons. It may be that he doubts the effect of such a proceeding on his supporters. It is certain, on his own authority, that he thinks the elimination of the Deity would take a great deal of valuable time, which had better be spent upon existing measures of a more practical nature. He therefore, at first, refused to give Mr. LABOUCHERE any facilities for his enabling Bill unless the Opposition would pledge themselves to accept it without a murmur. This astounding demand was, of course, met as it deserved. There may be differences of opinion on the Opposition benches as to the propriety of altering the test, there can be none as to the impropriety of pledging a whole party to accept before seeing it a measure which the Government dare not, or do not choose to, introduce on their own responsibility. Mr. BRIGHT, however, though he too expected rather unreasonable things, was less absurd in his expectations, and a great deal less pugnacious in his manner, than Mr. GLADSTONE; while the efforts of Mr. PETER RYLANDS to take a high tone naturally did not greatly exasperate any one on the Opposition benches. The fate of any such Bill as seems to be indicated need not here be prophesied, nor need its merits or defects be discussed. But it may be pointed out that the Government (that is to say, Mr. GLADSTONE) will have, whether they like it or not, to make up their minds, and boldly to adopt the proposal to admit atheists (by way of being consistent, Republicans, too, ought to be admitted) to the Parliament or Great Britain. Their desire to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, to enjoy the advantage of Mr. BRADLAUGH's society and countenance, without the disadvantage of identifying

themselves with his opinions, has on two separate occasions wasted a great deal of time, brought upon them humiliating defeats, and convicted their chief of an almost incredible want of the faculties either of a statesman or of a party leader. They will hardly risk a third disaster. The incident is a deplorable one in many ways, and an unpleasant sign of the times. But it is at least instructive to those who have eyes to see as to the incurable duplicity which besets a Liberal Government which strives to conciliate Radical opinion. The one thing which the present Government has steadfastly refused to do is to play *cartes sur table*. It is, no doubt, by accident that it has had the appearance of keeping back evidence and of manufacturing evidence in matters of foreign policy. It seems to refuse to explain the actual bearing of its Irish Land Bill. It ostensibly shrinks from assuming the responsibility of writing "There is no God inside these walls" on the door of the House of Commons. In all these cases it is possible that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have been the victims of circumstance and of that maleficent influence of office which Mr. BRIGHT pathetically described after dinner on Wednesday. But it is at least conceivable that a remote posterity reading the records of the present Administration, and drawing unguarded conclusions, may describe it as an "organized dishonesty." If any future historian should be so misguided, one of his principal documents will undoubtedly be the pages of *Hansard* which record the events of the BRADLAUGH debates of 1880 and 1881.

THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.

THE French have entered the territory of Tunis and the war has begun. In some subtle sense there is no war at all. There is merely an expedition to punish marauders who live on a strip of land between Algeria and Tunis, and who only acknowledge the authority of the BEY when it pleases them. They are to the BEY what the BEY is to the Porte—rebellious, independent, or dependent, according to the convenience of the hour. They made a raid into French territory, and killed, not only French Arabs, but French soldiers. The French determined to inflict chastisement of a kind that would at least prevent raids for the future; and when the brother of the BEY arrived and invited the Kroumirs to submit to the authority of the BEY, they replied that they were quite willing to submit to the BEY in other things, but that, if the French attacked them, they would defend themselves. The French had no choice but to carry out their punitive expedition, and on Tuesday the French force crossed the boundary, and a series of petty skirmishes began. The Kroumirs fought well—after their savage fashion. They knew the ground, and made the most of the advantages which the ground gave them. Creeping through the brushwood they discharged their muskets, and then slunk into the brushwood again and were no more seen. At one point they got between two companies of French infantry and were destroyed to a man; but in the main they endeavoured, not so much to stop the French advance, as to make it hazardous and laborious. They are greatly assisted by the configuration of the land, which consists of ranges of barren mountains intersected by ravines at once abrupt and sufficiently covered with vegetation to give shelter to those who are on the watch for their enemies. They are still more assisted by the climate; for the heat is intense, and heat provokes agonizing thirst, and to drink the cold water of the streams in the heat is almost certain death. One of the French commanders has already had to return invalided, and the task that falls on the officers of preventing their men drinking water is more arduous than that of meeting and beating the Kroumirs. In order to shorten their operations, the French have thought it necessary to secure the means of cutting off the Kroumirs from receiving arms and food. To do this, they have taken steps which, as the BEY plaintively protests, are somewhat inconsistent with the state of peace which he is assured still prevails between France and Tunis. They have bombarded his fort of Tabarca, they have occupied his town of Kef, and disarmed his garrison. Neither at Tabarca nor at Kef did the BEY's troops offer any resistance. At Tabarca the garrison waded from the island along a spit of sand to the main-

land, when the firing began. At Kef the garrison consented to be disarmed, with the exception of one Arab, who did not on the spur of the moment understand why he was to be disarmed by people at peace with his BEY, and had to be killed. If the BEY wanted a justification for going to war with France, he has any amount of justification he could ask. But he does not want to go to war with France, and France does not want to go to war with him. When the French Consul at Tunis proposed that, to secure order, a force should be landed at Goletta from a French man-of-war, the BEY replied that he preferred to maintain order himself, and the Consulate once acquiesced in the refusal, on the ground that it was entirely for an independent prince like the BEY to choose whether a French force should enter his capital or not. The French have committed acts of war against the BEY, but they contend that they have only committed such acts of war as were necessary to make their expedition against the Kroumirs successful. The BEY would not aid them by inviting them to occupy such positions as were necessary for the purpose, and so, with as little display of force as possible, they occupied Tabarca to cut off the supply of ammunition, and Kef to cut off the supply of food. It cannot be said that the French have as yet done anything at variance with their alleged purpose of confining themselves to the chastisement of the Kroumirs. All they have done is, for the purposes of their expedition, to treat the BEY as if he did not exist.

The BEY has eagerly invoked the assistance or intervention of the European Powers, and has pointed out with irresistible force that the French have not obeyed the ordinary rules of international law. The Powers have turned a deaf ear to the appeal. They think that the French have a legitimate excuse for punishing the Kroumirs, and they are not inclined to help a petty African prince to make objections which, if allowed, would render its process of punishment difficult and protracted. Further, the BEY has appealed to the Porte, of which it now suits his convenience to declare himself the abject vassal. The Porte, so far as diplomatic forms go, has responded to the appeal. Its representative at Paris has remonstrated with M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE against the violent measures to which its vassal has been subjected; but, on the other hand, to show at once its own power and its desire to please France, which has recently been befriending Turkey in the Greek negotiations, it offered to depose the BEY, and appoint his brother to reign in his stead. The BEY will thus learn that there are inconveniences as well as conveniences in the vassalage of which he has suddenly become so enamoured. The French Minister, if the report given of his reply is accurate, made a very crushing answer to the representative of Turkey. He said that it was a trap that was being set for France, but that a trap set in the face of an old and wary bird was set in vain. To accept the offer to depose the BEY was to acknowledge that the Porte had the right to depose him. It was to recognize that Tunis stands to Constantinople as Egypt stands, and this was what France never had recognized and never would recognize. The claim of the Porte to a suzerainty over Tunis was, in the eyes of the French Minister, a novelty set up in 1871. Just as Russia during the German war got her gain out of the weakness of France by annulling the provisions of the Treaty of Paris relating to the Black Sea, and Italy got her gain by putting aside her engagements with France and occupying Rome; so, directly the war was over, the Porte thought it might venture to gain something in the same way, and proclaim that Tunis belonged to it and was under its protection. Even at that time, when France was crushed, the French Government altogether declined to admit the pretension of the Porte, and it is not likely that it will admit it now that France has recovered its strength, and is able to make its will prevail, at any rate with the smaller Powers. The claim of the Porte is thus, in the view of the person who is entitled to speak for France, not only baseless in itself, but a manifesto of French humiliation. M. ST.-HILAIRE, therefore, gave the Turkish Minister to understand, as plainly as language could express it, that he could not discuss the affairs of Tunis for a moment on the footing that Turkey had a special authority over Tunis. Turkey is a Mediterranean Power, and a Mahomedan Power, and in these qualities she can speak of Tunis as much as she likes, but not in the quality of the guardian, protector, and suzerain of Tunis. The Turkish Minister

accepted with diplomatic suavity the position created for him. As France would not discuss the matter on the footing which he was instructed to maintain, he forbore to say a word more, and was sure that Turkey had no wish to offend a Power from which she had recently received such essential service. Thus the interview terminated in the pleasantest manner. France had asserted her views, and Turkey had consented not to abandon, but to keep silence as to, her views; and this was the end of the conversation on which the BEY had fondly placed his hopes between those who are anxious to protect him by coercing him and those who are ready to depose him.

The Firman of 1871 was recognized by England, as well as by the other Great Powers, with the exception of France, and therefore an English Minister like Sir CHARLES DILKE naturally speaks of Tunis as a vassal State. It may be added that, as a mere piece of historical accuracy, the claim of Turkey to the suzerainty of Tunis seems to rest on better grounds than M. ST.-HILAIRE was ready to allow. But, when it comes to a practical question, and the Great Powers have to consider whether they shall uphold the claims of Turkey or not, against France, they wisely consider what is expedient for themselves. It is evidently much more convenient to them that, if possible, no new extension shall be given to the interminable Eastern question. It is no part of their business to uphold the claims of the Porte when their own interests are not touched, and they seem all to have perceived at once that they had no interest in treating an attack on the BEY as an attack on the Porte. They did not interfere with the protest made by the SULTAN as suzerain, but some of them, at least, gave the Porte to understand that the protest must be considered only as a matter of form. A section of the Italian press has taken a sudden fancy for the Porte, and speaks of the French invasion as a monstrous violation of rights guaranteed by Europe. But, so far as is known, this is not the language of the Italian Government, or of the Government of any Great Power. Germany openly says that she would like to see France annex Tunis, as the French might see in Tunis a compensation for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and be thus kept happy and quiet. Austria and Russia are probably very indifferent to what may happen in Tunis, or, if Austria might be inclined to different views, it has, in this as in other matters, to follow the imperious lead of Prince BISMARCK. There remain Italy, which has very serious interests at stake, and England, which is not directly interested in Tunis, but has very strong motives not to let the interests of Italy be sacrificed. Italy is not strong enough to get attention for her representations at Paris, but England is; and England has taken the only practical and useful step that was open to her, and has obtained from the French Government an assurance that nothing more than the punishment or subjugation of the Kroumirs is contemplated. The French Government may have been glad, for its own sake, to give this assurance. It affords it an opening for getting out of its difficulty at an early moment. The expedition, though not disapproved, is by no means strongly approved in France; and now that the new army has been tried, and it has been ascertained that even the raw recruits, although at first confused, soon got steady and behaved admirably, the French will have something to rest on with satisfaction; and, when they have done what they say they mean to do, may be very well pleased to do no more.

SHOOTING IN THE ARMY.

IF the question were not so exceedingly serious, there would be something irresistibly comic in the discoveries which are constantly being made about the English army. No matter what it is that has to be done, the moment the need arises it turns out that the particular thing is wanting which can alone enable us to do it. If reinforcements are wanted at a moment's notice, the regiments first on the roster have only half their complement of men. If a sudden demand is made on the endurance of the troops, it is found that they have not the physical strength which, in the majority of men, is the foundation of endurance. The latest revelation was made the other day when it appeared that, by the side of the Boers, our soldiers were wholly unable to hit the objects at which they aimed, or even to aim at the objects which they wished to hit. This is the most wonderful,

perhaps, of all the wonderful things that have come to light about the army. It was known to be small; it was known as regards its recruits to be young and weak; it was known to be very imperfectly equipped with some of the first essentials of warfare—as foreign armies count essentials. But it was not known that the individual soldier, even when his training is complete—the individual soldier, that is, who is of full age and of full height, and of full measurement round the chest, and who has neither deserted nor been sent to prison—might still be worthless when pitted against hastily raised levies, when these hastily raised levies happened to be able to shoot. That was a fact which, after all our experience of the injudicious economy which gives us the costliest and the least efficient army in Europe, could still excite surprise. There are some things which it takes an actual campaign to bring to light. The troops seem to do their work all right, so long as they are at home, and it is only when they get into the field that the weak place makes itself visible. But this cannot be said of a deficiency in shooting power. Shooting with arms of precision is not a faculty that comes to a man he does not quite know how. It is a matter, not of chance or intuition, but of training and practice, and as such it depends on the nature of the one element and the amount of the other. The revelations which have appeared in the *Times* during the last ten days show that if the public had known what opportunities of training and practice in shooting are enjoyed by English soldiers the disaster at Majuba Hill might have been foretold almost with confidence. The Boers were marksmen, the Englishmen were not. Consequently the Boers brought down their men at every shot, while the English fire did scarcely any execution. Nothing takes the heart out of troops more than the discovery that they are simply so many irresponsible targets. If they could have resorted to the bayonet they might have regained their confidence; but before the bayonet could be used there was a space to be crossed on which the enemy's fire suffered no man to live. Against experts like the Boers the British volleys went for nothing. Our men might as well have been armed with the old Brown Bess as with rifles of the utmost accuracy which they did not know how to use.

That they did not know how to use them was in no sense their fault. Good military shooting requires three things—the ability to hit an object when the distance is known, the ability to make a good guess at the distance, and the ability to combine these two powers in circumstances resembling those of actual warfare. No pains seem to be taken to make an English soldier perfect in any one of these elements. In the first place the amount of practice at the target is very much less than it ought to be. Many skilled Volunteers fire, it is said, as many as 2,000 rounds in the year, and none as few as 200. The regular soldier fires 90 rounds a year—that is, a little over 500 rounds in his whole time with the colours. This is not enough to make him a good shot, even at a fixed target, with the proper decoration of bull's-eyes and rings. But, supposing that these 90 rounds were enough for this purpose, and that an English soldier did learn some appreciable time before passing into the Reserve how to fire at a target with a reasonable probability of hitting it, he would have mastered only the rudiments of military shooting. The targets at which he will have to fire on a campaign will not be fixed. He must dismiss all thought of the familiar markings from his mind, and learn to fire at any object, however inconspicuous, which promises to be or to belong to an enemy. More than this, he will have to ascertain for himself how far off the object is, and to sight his rifle accordingly, and to do all this amidst the excitement, probably the wholly new excitement, of a battle. No kind of training can give him the experience he needs in this latter respect, but he is not even given the experience which, with a little expense and trouble, might be brought within his reach. The practice at the target is pretty nearly all the practice he gets, and practice at the target leaves him just where he was as regards firing when skirmishing. Major DAUBENEY suggests that the proper targets for soldiers would be dummies placed behind rocks, or in hollows, or on the side of a hill, in positions as nearly as possible resembling those in which a flesh and blood enemy would be discovered. If the men were then to advance firing to within a certain distance of their supposed foes, the con-

dition of the dummies when the halt was sounded would be an excellent test of their proficiency. The suggestion is so simple that the wonder is that it should be necessary to offer it. That soldiers should be accustomed to the mimic warfare of a sham fight in which they do nothing but blaze away with blank cartridge, and be denied the mimic warfare in which they would be really learning to fire with ball, is one of those unfathomable mysteries in which English military administration is so strangely rich.

The third point in which practice is essential to good shooting relates to the circumstances under which the shot is delivered. When the object of shooting is to win a prize, these are necessarily quite different from what they are when the object of shooting is to win a battle. In the former case the utmost care has to be taken that the soldier should be perfectly undisturbed, with his wind in the best possible order, and every muscle under proper control. In the latter case, the first two of these conditions can never be secured, while the first is only to be had in practised soldiers. The German system of instruction takes this difference into account, and endeavours to reproduce it during musketry practice. One of the German directions provides for firing immediately after a charge, while the men are still out of breath. In our army this would be regarded as a sheer waste of good ammunition. Why should the men be made to fire just when they were least likely to hit the mark? That it is precisely when they are least likely to hit the mark that they will have to fire in battle is dismissed as an irrelevant consideration. As the *Times* very well says, "The troops attacking Laing's Nek arrived in front of the Boers with weary limbs and panting breath. Then, like the Germans, part of their practice should be after rushes, and when their breath is hurried." The General Order which has just been issued leaves all these shortcomings where it found them. It does not alter the number of rounds annually fired, it does not substitute movable dummies for fixed targets, it does not provide for any combination of musketry instruction with the ordinary movements of actual fighting. Whatever is needed to make the shooting of the English infantry soldiers what it ought to be, and what the shooting of other armies is, still remains to be done. Perhaps among the host of useless questions with which Ministers are daily beset, some officer of weight may think it worth while to ask whether Mr. CHILDERS proposes to make any further move in a matter which so nearly concerns the military efficiency of England.

M. GAMBETTA ON EDUCATION.

M. GAMBETTA is apparently of opinion that what he has already done is not enough to keep his name before the public upon the eve of a general election. It is only on rare occasions that the PRESIDENT of the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES finds it convenient to descend from the chair, and take his turn with other speakers. If he did so too often, he would be forced to deliver himself with more clearness and precision than at present suits him. What he prefers to do is to make speeches upon all manner of non-political occasions, into which he can introduce just so much reference to public affairs as is needed to support those eloquent generalities which sound so fine and mean so little. In this way he is committed to nothing, while at the same time it is impossible that the duller elector, provided he reads his newspaper, should forget his existence. Englishmen will probably think the usage of their own country preferable to that which M. GAMBETTA has introduced into France. Occult influences have often enough been brought to bear upon Governments; but M. GAMBETTA is the first conspicuous instance of an occult Government. The business of the country is understood to be carried on in precisely the way he wishes, but his own explanations of what that way is go no further than a repetition, which even his oratory can but just save from being tedious, of the glories of universal suffrage. If what is done by the subordinates whom he allows to call themselves Ministers turns out well, M. GAMBETTA is ready to take the praise. If it turns out ill, they are paid to bear the blame. A politician, whose eloquence consists of endless variations upon the theme that the people can do no wrong, can hardly fail to find himself on the winning side.

M. GAMBETTA's latest effort of this kind is a speech at the

Congress of a "League of Instruction," which has just been sitting in Paris. It would be idle to go to this speech for any account of what the League of Instruction is, but as this is a matter which has only a local interest, there is nothing to regret in the omission. The presence even of a few statistics would have lessened the specific impression left by M. GAMBETTA's rhetoric. Such displays succeed best when they are wholly unweighted by any reference to facts or figures, and no one appreciates this useful truth more accurately than M. GAMBETTA. A prosaic person who had spoken earlier in the day had alleged as one of the reasons for supporting the League the necessity, as Mr. LOWE once said, of educating our masters. France is governed by universal suffrage, and unless those whose votes determine how she shall be governed are enabled to determine it intelligently, all manner of public evils may follow. M. GAMBETTA is evidently of opinion that it is not respectful to a master to speak of educating him. Worse still, such language may be twisted to imply that the gift of mastery should be withheld until the recipient is capable of exercising it properly. Universal suffrage, he declares, being a right, must be exercised independently of all considerations of fitness. Still, though it is not permissible to say that the electors need education, M. GAMBETTA is anxious that they should be educated. Their decision must be accepted under any circumstances, but it may be accepted with greater pleasure, though not with greater submission, if those who give it know something of the questions upon which they have to pass judgment. Politicians are not bound any more than judges to pronounce upon hypothetical cases; but it would be interesting as a matter of speculation to know what M. GAMBETTA would say of universal suffrage if it were to decree the dissolution of the Republic. Probably he would maintain that, under some special circumstances which he would be quite able to invent for the occasion, what appeared to be a decision given by universal suffrage was, in fact, nothing of the kind.

We have no wish to say anything against education considered as a preparation for the discharge of political duties; but there is undoubtedly a fallacy lurking in the double sense in which the word is employed. Of this fallacy M. GAMBETTA made liberal use in his speech. He painted in the brightest hues the august and magnificent task of the teacher who gives an education from which chimeras, sophisms, and the absolute are alike banished—an education which is made of the "lion's marrow" of positive science. As a Republican critic has pointed out, this lion's marrow only embraces in the great majority of cases the positive sciences of reading, writing, and the four first rules of arithmetic. This amount of education is useful in a small way to its possessor, but it falls a long way short of M. GAMBETTA's glowing description. It would be nearer the truth to say that the lion's marrowbone is there, but that all the marrow has gone out of it. Nothing can be more characteristic of democratic enthusiasm in its least imposing aspect than this absurd endeavour to invest one of the humblest and dullest of functions with these majestic attributes. M. GAMBETTA knows as well as anybody that the amount of instruction that can be conveyed to the great majority of Frenchmen is exceedingly small, and that such political intelligence as they may chance to display is far more likely to come from the education of life and business than from anything which the League of Instruction can teach them. So long as it was the clergy or the religious orders who were employed in imparting rudimentary knowledge, the Republican party looked upon it with proper contempt. Now that lay teachers have taken their place, Republicans think it best to avoid particulars and quietly to appropriate to the preliminaries of education all the fine things that have from time to time been said about education itself.

At this point it seems to have occurred to M. GAMBETTA that he was coming near to dangerous ground. The League of Instruction is a private association for extending the benefits of education to all who care to receive them. How is such an association to be distinguished from those other associations professedly aiming at the same object which the Republican party has lately been busy in dispersing? If one association of Frenchmen may go about teaching its neighbours, and its neighbours' children, why should other associations of Frenchmen be debarred from doing precisely the same thing? M. GAMBETTA evidently felt that it was not necessary to give himself much trouble about a quibble of this kind; for all he

said by way of establishing a distinction was that he is in favour of true liberty of teaching, but not of "a certain liberty." This formula has, at all events, the merit of simplicity. Liberty to teach what M. GAMBETTA approves is true liberty; liberty to teach what M. GAMBETTA does not approve is a "certain" liberty. By this means the necessity of proving that M. GAMBETTA has any more right than other people to impose his views upon France is avoided. The phrase demonstrates itself. No one can desire to see any liberty recognized which is not true liberty, and all liberties which do not please M. GAMBETTA fall short of this standard. They are only "certain" liberties. M. GAMBETTA is not above taking a leaf out of the reactionary book. The distinction he draws has always been in high favour with the adversaries of freedom. They are never opposed to liberty in the absolute, but always to a "certain" liberty. So long as people will be content to teach what is true, they must be secured against censure or interference. It is only when from teaching what is true they turn to teaching what is false, that the need for restriction arises. It is not in the least strange that M. GAMBETTA should wish to act on this distinction; indeed, it is far too convenient to be lightly laid aside. But it is strange that he should think it worth while to give it actual expression. It is a much less dangerous thing to be illogical in deed than to be illogical in word. Unfortunately, each time that one political party is guilty of thus begging the question its adversaries are confirmed in their determination to beg it in their turn whenever they have the opportunity. It is one of the grievances of this very League of Instruction that when the reactionists were in power the League was thwarted and discouraged in every possible way. If the friends of the League had returned good for evil, and conceded to the reactionists the liberty which had been denied to themselves, the first step would have been taken towards a better state of things. So long as neither party will forego its turn of vengeance, France is condemned to a hopeless see-saw.

THE CHURCH QUARTERLY ON GREGORY THE GREAT.

THERE can be no doubt that Gregory the Great must rank with Leo I. and Innocent I. among the virtual, if not intentional, founders of the Papal Monarchy. Dean Milman calls him the "third great founder of the Papal authority, not only over the minds but the hearts of men." This fact is clearly apprehended and illustrated by the writer of an able and interesting article on "The Letters of Pope Gregory I." in the new number of the *Church Quarterly*; and he has done good service in pointing out how these letters not only supply in great measure a reason and justification of the process of gradual aggrandizement, but formed also one main instrument for carrying it out. The letters of Popes, both genuine and forged—notably the too famous Isidorian decretals—are the foundation of the Canon Law, and this alone would give a peculiar significance to the fact that the collection of Gregory's letters far exceeds, as well in magnitude as in diversity of subject-matter, those of any of his predecessors, not excepting Leo, the most copious and energetic in his correspondence among them. Dean Milman had already observed that these letters offer a singular picture of the incessant activity of his mind and multiplicity of his occupations, and prove that nothing was too little or too great for his personal solicitude, from the minutest details of ritual or regulations about the papal farms in Sicily, to the conversion of Britain, the extirpation of simony in Gaul, negotiations with the conquerors of Italy, and the revolutions of the Eastern Empire. And he proceeds to distinguish the three-fold character of Gregory's pontificate, as a Christian bishop, organizing the ritual and music of the Church service, and administering the patrimony of the Roman See; as Patriarch of the West; and as virtual Sovereign of Rome, and protector of the city and the Italian population against the Lombards. With this agrees very closely the reviewer's estimate of the special nature and interest of the contents of Gregory's *Registrum*.

Matters of Church government and discipline, of social morality and order, are prominent. But secular questions in great variety, such as might engage the attention of a conscientious and just landlord, a vigilant and beneficent head of a civil department, or a public-spirited and large-hearted minister, occupy even more space in it, and show how large a part the Pope was beginning to take in the political and temporal business of Italy. It is this preponderance of administrative activity which gives a character to the letters of Gregory the Great, and makes them so important in illustrating the history of his age and country. But the collection has a further interest. The special interest of Gregory's letters is that, amid the desolations of Italy and these wails of despair, in this record of lamentation and mourning and woe, they exhibit in the clearest and most instructive way the nascent Papacy of the middle ages; the early steps by which the Primacy of S. Leo, the head of the hierarchy of the undivided Church, developed into the administrative all-controlling monarchy of Gregory VII., Inno-

cent III., and Boniface VIII. And they show not only the steps by which it took shape and became established; they show it was a necessary and inevitable consequence of the conditions of the time.

It was in fact a main source and secret of its power that, amid the confusion and misery to which Italy had then been abandoned, "the one survival of purpose and governing capacity was in the Roman Church." It was great alike by the weight of the religious traditions to which it appealed, and by the happy accidents of ecclesiastical and secular history, when the disputes and quarrels in the Church needed an arbiter and men looked naturally to the most highly placed, while the retirement of the Emperors to Constantinople left no rival sovereignty in the field. The Roman See was indeed hardly less indebted, from an historical point of view, to its civil than to its spiritual inheritance. "The temper, the obstinacy, the 'high stomach' of the old senate had passed into the clergy who surrounded the Roman Patriarch at the Lateran." And the play of these combined forces, secular and religious, is the more strikingly illustrated by the conspicuous absence of any marked distinction of personal character or ability among the Popes of the early centuries. St. Leo, who reigned from 440 to 461, is the first of them who can be called a preacher or a theologian. But when all the elements of local and inherited authority came to be represented, not by a man of average or inferior calibre, but by one who in a remarkable degree reflected and embodied all its characteristic features, the effect could not fail to be largely and permanently increased. And such a man was Gregory, who stands out in his official capacity in the sharpest personal contrast to all around him, and to nearly all his own predecessors.

We have observed that Gregory embodied in his own person all the leading characteristics of his high position. He was not simply a great Churchman; it might almost be said that he was a Roman first and a Churchman afterwards. He "was above all things a Roman of the Romans," and might with better reason be called, what Mr. Carlyle designates his own father, *ultimus Romanorum*. To him the Romans were the rightful, though disinherited, lords of mankind; the old proud Roman name, not *Imperium* but *Respublica*, name and thing, the sum of secular interests, with all their associations and duties, is as often in his mouth as it was in the mouth of Cicero, and it is hardly too much to say that he was the volunteer and unofficial Secretary of State for the imperial Government in the West. The Greeks he hated and despised, as Juvenal did before him, or as Englishmen of the last century hated and despised the French; he disdained to learn their language and seemed almost to pride himself on his ignorance of it; when a Roman lady wrote him a letter in Greek, he would not answer it. For the "long-bearded German barbarians"—the Lombards as we now call them—he felt only an indignant loathing, though as Pontiff he was solicitous for their conversion to the Gospel. No member of his household, says his biographer, showed any trace of barbaric ways, either in speech or dress. His keen Italian humour, one side of which was exhibited in his famous puns about the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon slave boys, had a sterner side too. When he had written to "John, the Faster," Patriarch of Constantinople, to remonstrate about the cruel scourging of certain Isaurian monks, and the Patriarch replied that he knew nothing about the matter, Gregory asked his "most holy brother"—whom he seems to have regarded as a religious variety of the *Graculus euriens* type—"whether he carried his abstinence so far as to feel bound to abstain from telling the truth"? He has bequeathed his name to the ecclesiastical chant which he introduced, but his method of teaching it is not so generally known. Throughout his whole active life, probably owing to his austerities, he was a chronic invalid, unable to stand or sit, and obliged therefore to transact business of all kinds lying on a couch, and long after his death this couch was shown at the Vatican, on which he reclined while giving lessons to his choir school, as well as the *flagellum*, "with which he used to threaten his boys"—but apparently without needing to use more than threats—during practice time. But his Roman temper found expression in graver matters than these. Like St. Ambrose of Milan, he had been a magistrate before he became a bishop, and he carried into his ecclesiastical administration the strict integrity and justice of the best class of Roman magistrates. The Church of Rome possessed at that time a vast patrimony, in different parts of the empire, managed by local agents, sub-deacons, who discharged the duties, and too often emulated the greed and extortion of the provincial governors of an earlier age. One of Gregory's first acts was to issue peremptory orders to Peter, the subdeacon, manager of the Sicilian estates of the Church, to look closely into these abuses, abandon all unjust claims and profits, and insist on justice being done everywhere. He even sent him "a regular Land Law for the management of Church estates," going into the minutest detail, and studiously providing against all kinds of vexatious and oppressive dealing with the poor tenants. In another way he showed his superiority to the standard of his age, in his treatment of the Jews. He would not indeed allow them to hold Christian slaves, and desired that all legitimate means should be adopted for their conversion, by preaching and argument, but every attempt to convert them by force or annoyance, or denial of their rights, he strictly forbade. He enforced the existing law against building new synagogues, but, when a zealous convert from Judaism raised a mob and forcibly turned a synagogue at Cagliari into a Christian church, Gregory at once wrote to condemn the insolence and injustice of his conduct,

and directed the Bishop to restore their synagogue to the Jews. They were not, he wrote to another Bishop, to assume any liberty beyond what the law allowed them, but neither should they suffer any prejudice in what the law did allow.

It is however chiefly through his contributions, not the less effective because in the main unconscious, to the development of Papal power, that Gregory has left his mark on history. By the end of the sixth century, when he succeeded to the chair of Peter, its claims as generally admitted throughout the West, though by no means unlimited or undisputed, were already considerable, in spite of the shock occasionally given to their authority by the blundering and vacillations of Popes like Vigilius, who suffered himself to be made the supple tool and accomplice of the intrigues of the Court of Justinian. The primacy of Rome was, the reviewer thinks, universally acknowledged, but exactly how much that primacy involved was another question on which as yet there was no such general agreement. In the fifth century the title of Pope came to be restricted to the occupant of the Roman See, and his office was supposed to make him the natural judge of appeals, and—at least since the days of St. Leo—to carry with it a right of confirming the decrees of Ecumenical Councils different from that of the other Patriarchs. But the Patriarch of Constantinople also held a very high and dignified position, and ruled over a clergy more learned and cultivated than the Latin, and it still seemed uncertain whether, under favourable circumstances, the centre of gravity might not be shifted from West to East. To prevent this was probably among the aims, and was certainly the permanent result, of Gregory's policy. This helps to explain his quarrel with John the Faster about the title of Ecumenical Bishop, of which, as the reviewer very properly points out, an unfair case has too often been made by Protestant controversialists. What Gregory did and what he did not mean to include in his somewhat intemperate denunciations is very clearly explained in the following lucid summary:—

The condemnation is, indeed, as absolute as definite reasons and violent language can make it; but the popular controversial use of it, as a condemnation by Gregory of the pretensions of the Roman See, must be considered as an instance of theological boldness or innocence. For it is assumed that Gregory, in condemning the word, absolutely condemned the thing; whereas, the truth is that he only condemned the word and title, and that because it had been assumed by his rival at Constantinople, and symbolized his pretensions. . . . But to be all that the title of Universal Bishop practically and really signified Gregory certainly made no hesitating claim. He spurned, indeed, the pompous name, as unbecoming a Christian, and as invented by that ostentation and pride of office which he very sincerely despised and hated. And his protest undoubtedly does further exclude that later development of the Papal office which annulled the independence of bishops, and placed its own delegated authority on their thrones. But that every bishop in Christendom, including him of Constantinople himself, owed to the Patriarch of Rome and the successor of St. Peter an account of his faith and conduct, and was liable to his judgment, was certainly Gregory's belief, and he systematically acted upon it.

But Gregory had other and nobler methods than this of promoting the influence of his See. If he was masterful and imperious in his dealings with recalcitrant prelates, as his letters testify, it was in the interests of a vigorous and impartial discipline and in order to enforce a high standard of life and work among the clergy of every rank. That his judgments were sometimes hasty or based on defective information he himself frankly admits, but of the single-minded aim and spirit of his administration generally, and of his lifelong and unrelenting war against every form of corruption, selfishness, sloth, and oppression in the Church, no reader of his letters can entertain a doubt. Most especially did he wage an implacable war against simony, which he always spoke of and treated as "the first and worst of heresies." So emphatic indeed was his language on this point that in later days, when it had to be reconciled with the infallibility of simoniacal pontiffs and the validity of simoniacal ordinations, it caused serious perplexity. Nor can we fairly attribute his struggle for the supremacy of his own See to any narrow or selfish motives. In the Church, as in the Empire, a double government would have seemed fatal to the preservation of unity, and his Roman instinct no less than his ecclesiastical traditions prompted Gregory to resist to the uttermost the pretensions of his Eastern rival. The notion of a Greek bishop claiming equality, or still more superiority, to the Bishop of Rome was quite as shocking to his deepest national as to his ecclesiastical sentiment; he was resisting not only a schismatical claim, but the insolence of a *parvenu* and an upstart. And the thirteen years' pontificate of "a man who impressed his character on the Church with a power unknown since St. Augustine, and even more widely felt than his in the East," made the success of that claim thenceforward impossible. The Papacy passed out of Gregory's hands far firmer and stronger than before; his letters were eagerly searched in after ages for rules and precedents by the compilers of the Canon Law, while his administration impressed on many minds a conviction at once of the reality and the necessity of the vast powers supposed to be inherent in his See. He was, in Milman's words, the real father of the Medieval Papacy.

Disinterested and just, it was the only power which none but the bad need fear, the only power which men could wish to grow and increase. In Gregory's hands it grew, not because he was ambitious, but because he was so just and good; not because he aimed at increasing it, but because from his way of using it, it could not help increasing.

The reviewer goes on to insist, like Milman before him, with obvious reason, that in the hurly-burly of the middle ages the centralized power of the Papacy was essential for the maintenance

of religious and social order. In this secondary sense, at all events, it is certainly true to say that the Church was built on the rock of Peter. It does not of course follow, as he observes, that the same system could be profitably maintained under the altered conditions of a later age. But into that discussion we need not enter here. We are tracing out an historical sketch, not defining the terms of a theological controversy.

THE WAY WE ADVERTISE NOW.

ADVERTISEMENTS are the ground-bait of commercial success. We are all pestered every day by the circulars of Companies who manufacture tea out of old brooms, sell chemical waters with sham Greek names, or are anxious to dispose of shares in the South Mull and Tobermory Gold Mine. This is sufficiently annoying; but private adventurers in literature, society, art, politics, and what not, easily outdo the impudence of their pushing commercial brethren. The trumpet is blown at street-corners with extraordinary emphasis, and persons who are anxious to "get on" have taken to organized systems of self-advertisement. Perhaps the most audacious advertisement which has been issued takes the shape of a printed post-card. On one side of the card, naturally, is the address of the recipient, the victim. On the side where the writing should be comes this pitiful printed application for a puff (we alter the names, of course):—

A FAIR PHILISTINE. The New Novel. By Mr. TOMKINS.
MR. TOMKINS'S NEW NOVEL.

At all the Libraries, in 3 Volumes,
A FAIR PHILISTINE.

The Author will esteem it a personal kindness if you will demand his book at the Club and from the Circulating Library.

The author is exceedingly grateful for favours to come. He only wishes every one to act as his unpaid touts, to oppress the circulating libraries with demands for a book they do not mean to read, and to introduce what may be nonsense, for anything they know, into their clubs. We had previously thought the women who knit stockings and send them to all parents of new babies, and the parsons who dun all railway shareholders for subscriptions for every church on the line, the most unfortunate of petitioners. But the knitting-women are probably poor, the object of the begging clergy is at least a public object. The self-advertising novelist has no such excuse. He degrades literature, such as the profession is, by his circulars, by his invitations to join a conspiracy to puff him. Probably the advertising novelist is not the only offender of this sort, and it is said that the poems of the modern Muse have been pushed in the same enterprising manner.

The shamelessness of people who have written a book, or even a magazine article, seems to have become infectious. No sooner has Jones "ventilated" (as he calls it) his view of compulsory vaccination, or of the Irish Land Bill, in the "Modern Period," than he, his editor, his brothers, his cousins, and his aunts write to every one they know who has anything to do with the press. The editor ventures to think that a daily or weekly journal will find in Jones's essay an unequalled subject for a leading article. The brothers, cousins, and aunts express the same view in different terms. We believe that if Jones had written on Maori Kitchen Middens, and if he and his friends knew the sporting prophet of such a print as "The Patriotic Publican," they would pester the poor man with requests to advertise Jones's researches in that light-hearted journal. It is thus that many queer phenomena in journalism are accounted for. The dulllest and most uncalled for of books is made the topic of a formidable leading article, while many amusing or edifying works are left quite unnoticed. The reason is that the literary advertiser has made his point. He has got hold of some one, some literary Mr. Lofty, who "has spirits working at a certain board," or rather, at a certain newspaper office. This kind of pushing impudence is becoming as shameless and as successful as it was in Macaulay's time, before he smote Montgomery. Literature shows signs of degenerating into a Mutual Advertisement Society. Notorious people of every description allow their names to be printed at the end of articles; they thus advertise and are advertised. Meanwhile, many of the unhappy men who do the manual labour of puffing are sincerely to be pitied. The advertising writer or editor makes himself such a steady, unabashed, persistent, brazen bore, that the writers whom he assails sacrifice even their sense of justice to pacify him and escape his importunities. Few people have the strength of will to resist the interested impudence which is encouraged by every concession. Other people, perhaps naturally modest, beholding the success of shamelessness, clothe themselves in impudence. Thus the life of every one engaged in criticism is made a burden by "presentation copies" of worthless books and by begging letters.

The artistic advertiser follows very much the same tactics. There was a time when artists allowed their friends to see their finished pictures before they were sent to the Academy. The ordeal was trying, and the pretence of criticism was made under difficulties. Still, among friends, these things might be endured. But now every beginner, every pushing wistful amateur, sends cards to people he does not know, and compels them to come into his studio. The critic who yields is lost. A favourable opinion is extorted from him; and then of course he is bound to express the same opinion in his published review, or to be stigmatized as a mean hypocrite. In his invitations, in his entreaties for scraps of

notice, the painting advertiser scarcely differs from the literary pusher. But the latter, at least, does not ask people to listen to his unfinished works and to explore the secrets of his waste-paper basket. The poetaster seldom has an entertainment analogous to Studio Sunday. But we presume that cards offering the privilege of hearing Mr. Raggs recite the first two acts of his unfinished tragedy of *Caractacus* will soon be as common as circulars from Indian Gold Mining Companies, and the proprietors of patents for making chocolate out of scraps of old leather.

The advertising politician, the pushing carpet-bagger, is no less annoying than his brethren, and no less eager for little bits of notice. He begs quite pathetically for what is called in the language of the press "a friendly par." Friendly pars are the breath of his political nostrils. One favourite dodge of the advertising politician is to get himself put upon the Committees of forlorn political hopes. The Oppressed Boers Committee; the Skipetar Committee; the Independence of Tunis Committee, are the kind of public bodies in which he disports himself. Then he gets up deputations to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Colonial Office, and pleads, in moving language, the cause of the Boers, the Bey, the innocent outraged Albanians, and the rest of his clients. When deputations are slack, the advertising politician is always busily lecturing at South Shields, or Morpeth, or some such place on "Politics and Morality," "Religion and the Empire," and so forth. He sends his lecture ready printed, with "cheers" and "laughter" inserted at the more moving passages, to all the newspaper offices he knows, and asks to have three columns allotted to him. He fills the press with little notices of his movements, as if he were a pet professor in a scientific, or a popular beauty in a mundane, journal. These are arts by which men do not disdain to try to rise. But it must be said, for the credit of human nature, that the advertising politician rises very slowly. Even when he takes the part of a Parliamentary buffoon and plays his little pranks, or asks his comic questions in the House, he mainly achieves notoriety as a bore. We cannot doubt, when we think of some advertising members of the Lower House, that many men prefer notoriety as bores to the absolute lack of attention which is their natural portion. This they can obtain. They will do well to be content with what they have achieved. No one, by sheer dint of advertising, unaided by real cleverness, can make much way in politics.

In society the same truth holds good. Mere buffoonery, mere posing and posturing, is not enough. A man who is depressed by a snub from a duchess will fail, however assiduously he cultivates curls, imbecility, and daffodil neckties. People will not listen to every sort of egregious nonsense; the nonsense must be clever as well as egregious. Alcibiades showed much knowledge of the art of social advertisement when he cut off his little dog's tail. The action set all Athens talking; but Athens would not have talked about his imitators, if they had cut off the tails of a whole pack of hounds. Success of every sort is now sought, as it were, in the cannon's mouth, in the face of all modesty and self-respect. But we cannot succeed by advertising alone, nor will mere impudence do everything. This is a truth which the advertisers of themselves too much neglect. If Mr. Tomkins's *Fair Philistine*, which introduced us to these reflections, happens to be hopelessly dull, the money and invention expended on his post-cards will all have been wasted. If the modern Muse's poems are trash, no number of dinner-parties, nor a world of advertisements, will make people buy them. The advertising politician will advertise till he is grey, but he will be as far off the Cabinet as ever. The pushing young man who wears bangles on his ankles and his hair in a net will never really be a success unless he has some originality and humour in his impudence and buffoonery. If people could only become convinced of these facts, they would cease to bore their acquaintances with petitions for praise; they would dare to be natural, and cease to be impatient of obscurity. Good work, great power, original character, will make their way without puffs and pushing. Perhaps they will not make their way quite so fast as they would do by the aid of mean obtrusiveness. But self-respect is worth keeping, even at the cost of a retarded success; nay, some will still think, even at the cost of failure. Meanwhile, most of the advertising people will lose their self-respect, will become generally odious, and will fall into the bargain. And they will be odious and contemptible even when they succeed, even when a sorely tormented world does ask for their novels at the club and the libraries.

SNAKES IN THE FLOWERS.

OF all the pleasant winter resorts on the Western Riviera, none is more enchanting than the Principality of Monaco. To vary the famous Spanish saying, Monaco would have been a terrestrial paradise, had Providence, with innumerable other blessings, only granted it a decent Government. But the yoke of its autocratic princelets pressed on the necks of their subjects, and successful revolution circumscribed a territory originally so minute as to seem almost microscopic on any moderately-sized map of Europe. The townships of Mentone and Roccabruna have been long lost to the Grimaldis, with many a rich hectare of olive ground and shady lemon garden. But enough still remains to surround the palaces of the reigning powers with a domain of almost unrivalled picturesqueness. We talk advisedly of palaces and powers in the plural; because, as is well known to the gayer

half of the world, the townsfolk and simple peasants of Monaco have been subjected to a double allegiance. By solemn legal arrangements between the high contracting parties—arrangements of which, so far as we know, the terms have been kept scrupulously secret—M. Blanc, when banished from the German Empire by the Reichsrath, was encouraged to transfer his tables to this sunny nook of the Mediterranean. M. Blanc has been gathered to his fathers, in the fullness of riches, if not of honour; but, so far as he, his heirs, and representatives were concerned, it would seem that he could hardly have been driven to a happier choice. Judging, at least, by appearances, and the crush of the sanguine customers who swarm day after day into the “Moorish” halls of his Casino, the gleaming of the grapes of Monaco must be better than the vintage of Hombourg. The fact is, that Monte Carlo—as the new suburb is called which has been springing up around the Casino—is as admirably central as it is eminently seductive. It lies among the growing health resorts that are overcrowded every winter with hosts of wealthy and idle strangers. There, within easy reach, are Cannes and Nice, on the one side, Mentone, Bordighera, and San Remo, on the other. At Cannes, the scattered villas, boarding-houses, and hotels are spreading along the coast for miles, and running along the precipitous sides of the valleys far into the interior. But, beyond sauntering in the sunshine when there is any, and giving his mind to keeping out of the shrivelling winds, there is nothing in the world for a man to do there. Nice is really a city, and consequently more lively; but the gaieties of Nice, such as they are, distinctly incline its visitors for the peculiar dissipations of Monte Carlo. Mentone, in the deep indentations of its hill-locked bays, is an al-fresco hospital where the languid air is never stirred, save by the sweep of some occasional tornado, and in self-defence the robust relatives of invalids must keep their health by frequent changes of scene. At Bordighera and the far more beautiful San Remo existence stagnates after a time, till there is a craving for any form of excitement. By an understanding with the railways of the Riviera, this very natural state of things has been turned to the account of the Companies and the Casino of Monte Carlo. Every facility is offered to the idle and listless for spending a succession of happy days there, or any number of agreeable hours. Quick trains are started at convenient times. You may make a dash at Monte Carlo, and come back to dinner, with such appetite as your gains or losses have left you; or, marvel of marvels, in Continental railway arrangements, after devoting the evening to the feverish pleasures of those halls of dazzling light, you are brought home again by a midnight train to heavy or troubled slumber. Necessarily the Railway Companies reap a rich reward for their spirited enterprise; and the shareholders may congratulate themselves on enjoying a reasonable percentage of the profits of the late M. Blanc’s speculation. But the legitimate tourist feels sadly out of place in the mob of smartly or slangily dressed gamblers. The flippant clerk at the booking-office almost forces a return ticket on him. His luggage may be cared for as a matter of favour by porters who are looking out to carry the hand-bags or overcoats of their regular patrons to the carriages. And, unless he is well forward in the scramble, he will find each corner in the first-class compartments filled, and have to content himself with catching flying glimpses of the scenery between the heads of abstracted fellow-travellers in close consultation over the chances. No wonder that jealous hotel-keepers along the Cornice object to the constant and prolonged absences of the people who ought to be their most profitable customers. No wonder that they have been actively agitating in favour of the great moral movement that would clear away the Monte Carlo hotbed of vice; and the stoppage of what are really so many excursion-trains at the Monte Carlo station is a sight to see. Languid “swells” suddenly drop their normal airs of calm superciliousness; doors are thrown open while the carriages are still in motion; ancient ladies and venerable men, who seem already to have one foot in the grave, place the other on the step in readiness for a descent; and before the groaning engine has come to a full stop the passengers, in general forgetfulness of their manners, are precipitating themselves in a surging mob towards the solitary exit. You are inclined to moralize on the morbid greed of gain, which cannot bear to lose even one of the precious minutes so near the doors of the possible El Dorado. But though, doubtless, it is cupidity that indirectly sets your companions hustling each other, they are not altogether so unreasonably impatient as they appear to be. The truth is that there is a steep hill to be toiled up from the station, while the number of places in the carriages and omnibuses in waiting is limited. And, moreover, when the visitors are proposing to settle themselves to a long day of serious play, it is of the last importance to make sure, if possible, of a seat at the tables.

Play at Monte Carlo is indeed a serious business, involving, beyond the anxiety inseparable from games of hazard, great bodily exertion and no small expenditure of temper. In the good old times at the favourite German gaming places, though the fun might grow fast and furious towards the hour of closing, in the daylight things were quiet and decorous almost to dullness. You lounged out of the blazing sunshine into cool and darkened apartments; and when your blinking eyes became accustomed to the dim religious light, you looked round on a scene of peaceful stagnation. Some of the tables were as yet unoccupied and still shrouded in brown holland; the others were surrounded by little social groups who gave something like a silently friendly welcome to each new arrival who came with his contribution of cheerful-

ness. There was every facility for studying the strategy of the campaign, laying down the stakes, and raking up the winnings. At the Monte Carlo Casino it is much the reverse. At high noon, and very possibly before it, all the eight tables—there are six roulette tables in an outer hall, and two for rouge-et-noir in an inner chamber—are doing the very briskest business. There is a hubbub of voices. There is a general sense of scuffle and turmoil. You feel as if you had passed the swing doors of a thriving City bank, and were being crushed up to the counter in a mob of money-getters on a term day. Eager adventurers or gaping onlookers are pressing round each centre of excitement in serried ranks three or four deep; while the comparative few who have been fortunate enough to find chairs seem half stifled under the physical pressure from behind. The duties of the croupiers are no sinecure. They are constantly occupied in placing the stakes for those who, finding it impossible to get near the tables, are screeching contradictory instructions, often in unintelligible French. Literally the ladies and gentlemen who are relegated to the back places in this bear-garden earn their money, when they make any, by the sweat of their brows. Nor are the chances against their winning limited by any means to the odds that are avowedly reserved by the establishment. For, when you have won a stake, you have often to wrangle for it; and we need hardly say that a modest foreigner, abroad in everything but his native speech, is exceedingly likely to be pushed to the wall. In the first place, there is the liability to make honest mistakes when coins are being scattered broadcast over the board by many different persons, and sometimes piled upon each other in inextricable confusion, when there is a rush to back a popular number. In the next place, there are professional harpies who are always on the hover, with the sole idea of preying on the profits of other people; and we need not say that these conscienceless creatures are the loudest and most determined in insisting on their claims. The croupiers are passionately appealed to, and give their decision, which is final. Frequently the decision, though it may be honestly given, is flagrantly unjust. And the victim who has been waiting for the turn of luck that might have materially redressed the balance of his transactions can only resign himself to the robbery. When M. Blanc was building up his princely fortune at Hombourg his servants had orders to deal more liberally. When the parties to a dispute refused to be reconciled, the bank paid both of them, and went on again. But Hombourg was exposed to a lively competition, while Monte Carlo has a monopoly which it seems inclined to abuse; though, in its early days, it perpetuated the Hombourg traditions, and was generous to the victims of runs on the wrong colour. So when a gambler satisfied the administration that he had been fairly cleaned out, it helped him with his hotel bill and advanced him his travelling expenses. Now it is said that all appeals in *formâ pauperis* are summarily rejected. The applicant is told metaphorically to go and be hanged; and not unfrequently, it is asserted, the counsel is taken literally. But to judge from the looks and manners of many of the most assiduous frequenters of the tables, we should say that any well-authenticated case of the relief of distress would be an encouragement to innumerable attempts at cunningly devised imposition. A more ill-favoured lot, generally speaking, it would be difficult for the most imaginative of romance-writers to conceive.

Setting the question of morality aside, the existence of the Casino is a decided advantage to the man of the world who makes some stay at Monte Carlo. For a few days, at all events, he finds a constant interest in odd studies of life and observations on objectionable manners. There is a spacious reading-room, fairly well furnished with journals, and an admirable band that plays in a magnificent concert-room. In short, he will always have resources for his evenings, nor will he have any cause to complain of the hotels, their cellars, and their *cuisine*. And the natural beauties of the place are unsurpassed, while the excursions in the romantic neighbourhood are endless. We know nothing more entrancing than the blending of grey cliff and blue sea; the sloping gardens of blooming geranium beds hung on the very crests of the beetling precipices; the grey of the olive groves and the deep green of the orange and lemon gardens, backed up by the sweep of the amphitheatre of rugged hills, breaking the nipping winds that are the scourge of the Riviera. The climate is delicious, though somewhat enervating, and you may possibly be worried by the premature visits of the mosquitoes. But, on the whole, if you are on the outlook for the earthly paradise, you may go far further and fare far worse, unless you should push your researches to the islands of the South Seas.

MR. BURGESS.

THE unexpected death, at the age of only fifty-three, of Mr. Burgess has robbed English art of one of its most brilliant and original standard-bearers. According to party distinctions a Gothicism, and, among Gothicism, an Ecclesiologist, Mr. Burgess was, beside and beyond all sectional designations, William Burgess, brimful of energy, boldly original at times, and then loyally observant of precedent, acutely sensitive to the dignity and responsibility of his profession, and yet overflowing with the drollest humour and master of the most manifold conceits. He was an architect and he was an artist, but he

began by being an artist before he became an architect. Mr. Burges at one bound attained European fame by coming out in 1856 as first prizeman, by the award of judges who were mainly Frenchmen, in alliance with Mr. Clutton, in the international competition for the projected Cathedral at Lille, while Mr. Street followed in the second place, leaving M. Lassus, whom his countrymen had backed as certain winner, to take the third place, behind Englishmen of whose name he had probably never heard. The *Annales Archéologiques*, which then represented the Gothic movement in France, had grimly to confess that this was for France its artistic Waterloo. Yet the victory was barren. The award of the judges was set aside in favour of a *pastiche* of the designs concocted for the advantage of a local architect, so as to smooth down susceptibilities, while we believe that very little of this unsatisfactory work has in the intervening quarter of a century been carried out. Again, in the following year Mr. Burges was named first prizeman for the Memorial Church at Constantinople, and yet he was destined to see the accomplishment of the work pass to another architect. In the meanwhile his reputation grew, and some years later he was selected among the favoured ten who were invited to compete for the New Law Courts. He produced a design of singular dignity, harmonious proportion, and stately detail. But the judges, men of great eminence, but in the selection of whom the scientific knowledge of architecture was not an element of choice, passed it over without a notice. At a still later period the great project for the decoration of St. Paul's was entrusted to Mr. Burges, and all know how far that enterprise has progressed. This is a topic on which we have spoken so often, so fully, so decidedly, and at so many stages of the tedious business, that we shall now confine ourselves to the simple statement that we adhere to every word which we have said upon the merits and the treatment of the great artist who has passed away from the possibility of human reparation.

Of the buildings which Mr. Burges was enabled to execute, the first place must be assigned to that very stately Cathedral at Cork, of stern Early French, with its triple spires, which, even in the agonies of disestablishment, the Anglican communion of Ireland upraised in defiance of those Puritan delusions by which it had too long been beguiled. But at an earlier date Mr. Burges had out of the cold flat room which then served as chapel to Worcester College, Oxford, created a gorgeous temple of religious subtlety. In his hands likewise the severe fragment of a Norman nave, which survived from the mighty Abbey of Waltham, was most cleverly restored for its present more modest attributes of a parish church. A very elaborate church—built in Yorkshire in memory of Mr. Vyner, so brutally murdered by Greek brigands—led to its author being commissioned to carry out that larger and more sumptuous one which Lord Ripon raised in Studley Park. At Cardiff Castle, and at the neighbouring Castell Coch, in Glamorganshire, which Mr. Burges restored and decorated for Lord Bute, he gave full rein to his luxurious fancy. Whether the richness of the fittings, at least in the larger pile, may not be almost oppressive, is a point which could be reasonably argued; but that the work shows exceeding ability in the design is incontestable. He also built the Speech-room at Harrow, a translation into Gothic forms of an ancient theatre, remarkable for its successful acoustics. For many years Mr. Burges lived in picturesque chambers, upstairs, in Buckingham Street, Strand, overlooking the wide bend of the Thames, where the rooms and their furniture, creations of his inexhaustibly sportive imagination, were quite a show for his amused friends. But recently he transferred his abode to what is a true country-house within the circuit of London, standing upon one of the plots carved out of the grounds of what used to be known as Little Holland House, in the street now dubbed Melbury Road. We hope that no vulgar successor will deface a house in which the consistency of the architecture and the manifold resources of the decoration blend in an unique whole of whimsical, yet thoughtful and attractive, piquancy.

It is quite consistent with the most sincere admiration for Mr. Burges's genius to question whether the style in which he worked by preference, though not exclusively, as Sir J. Heathcote Amory's house in Devonshire testifies—the Early French Pointed—may not be too massive and inelastic for the life of our mobile age. Anyhow, he displayed a mastery of it such as no other Englishman could lay claim to; and, by a curious combination of qualities, the missionary of this the most severe type of Pointed architecture was in accessories, in decorations, and in furniture the most exuberantly and fancifully droll of inventors, never sparing either his knowledge of form, his researches into variety of materials, or his mastery of coloration—coloration of good, full hues, boldly contrasted, and never disdaining the support of gilding.

It was this almost bizarre combination of qualities, which at first would have seemed hardly compatible, which created the speciality of the Burgesian style. In fact, Mr. Burges's intense sense of humour was almost a snare to him, against which, it is fair to say, that he manfully struggled whenever duty ordered him to be serious. Akin to it, and proceeding from the same mental conformation, was his good temper and patience under provocation. We do not mean to say that he could not be pettish when he felt himself misunderstood or ill-treated, or that he had not a due sense of his own capacity. But it was just this surface fault which saved him from that rancour and jealousy which is so often the base of the artistic character. To criticism judiciously offered he was sure, in the long run, to give candid attention.

As may be inferred from what we have been saying, the estimate of Mr. Burges's contributions both to the practice and the theory of art, which should confine itself to recording his characteristics as an architect, would be so thoroughly defective as to be absolutely false. He did not even confine his achievements to large undertakings of mural decoration and painted glass, nor to those studied compositions by way of furniture which are really architecture on a diminutive scale. In all the delicate processes which subdued precious material to the service of art and fancy, the craft of the goldsmith, of the jeweller, of the binder, and of the ivory-carver, Mr. Burges was a proficient, and in their exercise he was wont to seek his recreation from the more onerous labours of his regular profession. It was in this branch of his studies that his freedom from conventionality most clearly asserted itself. Gothicist as he was in his buildings, he sought forms of quaint fancy and serviceable materials from the art of every country and age, and he possessed with the knack of so combining his selections as to produce a harmonious and reasonable whole. The publications which bore Mr. Burges's name were written for practical objects, the cultivation of a literary style not having been one of the objects of his ambition.

A late recognition of Mr. Burges's artistic merits was accorded by his being elected A.R.A. a very short time before his death. We are glad for the sake of the Royal Academy that it should not have missed numbering him among its illustrations.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.

THE death is recorded of George Brine, "King of the Beggars."

He had earned his title by having been committed to gaol no less than a hundred times for begging and similar offences; but it was his proud boast that he had never been convicted of larceny or felony in any form. There are few things as to which so much nonsense has been written, or so much ignorance of the real facts of the case displayed, as this same question of beggar confraternities, societies of rogues and vagabonds, and gipsy kingdoms. Writers of fiction have perpetuated the convenient delusion, and from Sir Walter Scott to Major Whyte Melville the organization and mysteries of these lawless guilds have furnished an interesting motive for incident or plot. The beggar's calling is undoubtedly a most ancient one, for it is as old as the institution of idleness itself. The right of members of the religious profession to be supported by the voluntary contributions of their fellows was also naturally recognized at an early stage of society, and as naturally produced the class of which jogis, fakirs, and dervishes in the East, and mendicant friars in the West, are types. These certainly have their organization, their initiations, passwords, and signs, but their constitution is founded strictly on the religious basis, while their mendicancy is the accident rather than the final cause of their foundation. In the middle ages, when every calling had its Guild or Corporation, it was only natural that the beggars should form theirs; but these were composed of licensed mendicants—the poor, but highly respectable Bedesman, or the disabled soldier, to whom the Government gave permission to beg in lieu of a pension—and not of "casuals" or "tramps." That most conservative and irrepressible tribe the Gipsies is always credited with the possession of a king or queen to whose sway the rest bear unquestionable allegiance, but we unhesitatingly assert that no such person ever yet existed among them. They have not even a word in their language for king, those of Europe having borrowed the Slavonic word *krallie* to express the idea. The first bands of "Egyptians" who invaded Europe no doubt put forward some able man of their number to act as their agent, spokesman, or leader, and to conform to the prevalent customs of the time, but the office of "Duke of Egypt" was as mythical and misleading as the origin implied in the name. In the present day the name of king or queen of the Gipsies is often heard, but the circumstances of the monarch's coronation are very simple. When a Gipsy has reached an advanced age, and finds himself or herself the head of an extensive family, he or she occasionally settles down, and is of course visited from time to time by nomad children and grandchildren, with their "sisters and their cousins and their aunts," to say nothing of male relatives. These gatherings excite curiosity in the Gentile mind, which the tribe takes care to cultivate; the patriarch is at once given the royal title, and the offerings of the "gorgios" make a very handsome little income for the ancient one, while the family gatherings are as good as so many additional fairs, with all the impetus which these give to Gipsy trade and roguery. But, were it not that the Gentiles themselves desire a Gipsy king, the idea would never enter into the heads of the "Romany chals," who laugh in their sleeves at "gorgio" gullibility.

The celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew is a good instance of a pseudo-king of the roads. The son of a clergyman, and coming of a very good stock, he developed an uncontrollable passion for a vagabond life, disgraced his family, and occasioned much scandal by his lawlessness and audacity. His notoriety seems to have attracted to him a number of professional rogues and vagabonds; but his self-assumed title of "King of the Gipsies" was a misnomer; for, to judge by his own accounts of himself, and still more by the vocabulary which he has left behind, his subjects were not Gipsies at all, but mere "mumpers," or tramps, with at best a sprinkling of "posh and posh," or Gipsy half-breeds. The

adventures and tricks of Carew and his companions bear, of course, a great similarity to those of the traditional beggars of antiquity and of the middle ages, as well as to the "dodges" of the beggars of the present day; but it by no means follows that they were handed down from primitive times, or taught by initiatory and mystic rites. The whining appeal for alms, backed up by lies and canting religious phrases; the simulation of deformity, wounds, or disease; the appropriation of any cock that may be met with "crowing promiscuously" in a deserted lane, or the replenishing of the rogue's wardrobe from the linen that hangs on every hedge; these and the like are devices which Nature herself suggests to the idle and unscrupulous "loafer," and need no apprenticeship to learn.

Nevertheless, "the roads" of England do present phases of society, or rather extra-social phases, which are both curious and interesting. The life of the vagabond,

Homeless, ragged, and tanned,
Under the changeful sky,

has, and probably always will have, great charms for many; for it satisfies the restless longing for change and impatience of restraint, it affords an almost certain means of livelihood, often without work, and during the spring, summer, and autumn months is healthy, invigorating, and pleasant. If, in the course of the exercise of begging, or any other of the unlicensed professions, the tramp make the acquaintance of the treadmill, the stone-breaking yard, or the oakum-picking cell, he is only earning experience that will be useful to him in the winter months, which he will most probably spend in voluntary or forced retirement in establishments where these branches of industry are carried on. There are so many varieties of the vagabond that we can only enumerate a few of those most frequently met with. First and foremost is the Gipsy, the most incorrigible, but perhaps the most respectable, of all. With him vagabondage is a normal condition of life, and, like the ancient Scythian or the modern Turkoman, his tent and his waggon constitute his home. His ancestors, as far as his traditions reach back, have lived in the same manner; he has his own language, and he follows his own trades and calling; he has not perhaps the same ideas of honesty and respectability that "house-dwellers" have, but he bears them no ill-will for it, and he certainly does not regard himself in the light of an offender or an outcast. Impressed with a strong nationality, and having a good constitution and a cheerful disposition, he has outlived generations of persecution, and only yields slowly to the influence of the Inclosure Acts, which are in this country gradually crowding him out. Next comes the "posh and posh," or half-bred Gipsies; of these a large number adopt the life and habits of the Gipsies themselves, but maintain certain relations with the civilized and stationary world. They are often well to do, and such an instance as was related to us by one of them of a girl of this class, who had married "a hinddependent gent," is by no means rare. On asking of what this particular independent gentleman's fortune consisted, we were told that he earned "sixteen pound a week brush-hawkin'." Some among them pursue the calling of *mush-fakin*—that is, of repairing umbrellas, with which others combine the tinker and travelling cutlery business. Then there is the tramp proper, the rogue and vagabond *par excellence*, who lives entirely by begging, chicanery, and petty larceny. He may be always known by a bright, unquiet eye, a dissipated, "ne'er-do-weel" air, and a chronic aversion to the sight of a policeman or doing a day's work. Mechanics and labourers "on the tramp" and in search of work are also to be met with; but they do not belong to "the road," and, indeed, are for the most part inexperienced in its ways. The Handwerk's Bursch, or travelling artisan of Germany—who roams as much for change, and because it is the fashion, as to get work, and for whom begging, or, as it is called in his argot, "*fechten*," is prescribed by the etiquette of his class—has no representative in this country. The Handwerk's Bursch does belong to an organization more or less recognized and somewhat of the nature of a workman's guild. Lastly, upon the English "roads" there is the Fern-seller, a race entirely by itself, and unlike any other of the "traveller" class; for be it known that "traveller" is a purely technical word, applied by themselves to designate collectively the various classes to which we have referred. The fern-seller is wretchedly poor, his wardrobe is deplorable, he is more beery and disreputable than any of the mates he meets in the hospitable tramps' lodging-house; but he is of a cheery temperament, displays considerable taste in the arrangement and disposition of his wares, and can tell you the botanical name of every fern in his basket. Why it is we know not, but ferns have a singularly demoralizing effect upon the "traveller"; an acquaintance with the "extra social" classes teaches that horses are not conducive to strict commercial honesty; pigeons are even worse than horses, and may be considered as most immoral birds, leading their "fanciers" into constant temptation through matches and shows; but ferns have some malign influence which is quite inexplicable, and he who once takes to "shelkin gallopers," as the trade of fern-selling is euphoniously called, is a lost "traveller." We have not mentioned the beggars, thieves, and other rogues of the town, as, though having points of contact with the roads, they belong to a different class. The annals of the police courts, also, and the proceedings of what an Eastern friend of ours used to call the "Mendacity" Society, have made them less of an unknown species. A further subdivision of the vagabond, or "traveller," class may be made accord-

ing to the languages spoken on the road; these, again, are in a descending scale of respectability. First, there is the Romany, or Gipsy tongue proper, a "deep" acquaintance with which is a sign of aristocratic "Egyptian" descent. Then there is *Kennick*, or "cant," the old-fashioned thieves' slang, with which the half-breeds interlard their discourse, much to the scandal of the Romanies themselves. Again, we have *Minkler's Thäry*, or "Tinker's talk," also called *Shelta*, a corrupt form of Gaelic, which is affected chiefly by the lower-class travellers. Last of all comes a dialect which betokens a depth of social degradation to which even ferns seldom lead, and that is Italian. A conversation with an itinerant organ-grinder in that language once almost lost the writer the respect of a "mush-faker" with whom he was on friendly terms, and quite lowered his prestige in Romany circles. The purlieus of Leather Lane and Saffron Hill are probably to blame for this evil repute of the soft Tuscan tongue.

The "Tinker's talk" is that which is most used by the real rogue and vagabond, since, being less known than either Romany or Cant, it is less likely to be understood of the common people, and is much safer in the presence or vicinity of the police. "You're readered sobree"—that is to say, "There is a warrant out against you"—is the muttered warning that has caused many a tramp to seek more hospitable and safer spots. For beggars, if they have no regular organization, are bound together by ties of mutual interest and sympathy, and will always impart to each other serviceable information as to pecuniary chances, or constabulary dangers, in certain districts. There is, as is tolerably well known, a recognized system of signs, and happy the householder on whose gates the symbol for "No good trying here," or "Gives yer soup tickets," is marked, for his gate-bell shall be unbroken and his watch-dog rest. The death of King George Brine is no doubt a sad event, but we may console ourselves with the reflection that, if numerous convictions constitute a claim to the title of "King of the Beggars," we shall not have to wait long for his successor.

FRENCH CRITICS AND FRENCH DRAMATISTS.

IT has been said of the modern British drama that its principal *raison d'être*, after the playgoing habit of the British public, is the drama of modern France. Without the second the first could hardly contrive to exist. The London manager who would steer clear of bankruptcy, the London actor who is anxious for opportunities of histrionic adaptation, keep a sharper eye on the doings of M. d'Ennery and Sardou than on those of Messrs. Byron and Wills, and are rewarded for their diligence by overflowing houses and material for fresh and profitable impersonations. This being the case, it is disheartening to find that, in the opinion of competent persons, the French drama is, like the English, on its last legs. Critics of several schools are agreed on this point. The lamentations of M. Sarcely, for instance, are loud and prolonged. In the matter of theatrical criticism M. Sarcely is not perhaps the infallible person his friends believe; but he knows what constitutes a play, and his judgments may often be accepted without question or reserve. It is ominous that of late he has found nothing to praise. When he is not reproving M. Perrin for mismanaging the Comédie-Française, he seems to have nothing to do but bewail the poverty of invention, the mean imagination, the lack of insight and energy and skill, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the younger generation of playwrights. According to him, the managers are clamouring for new plays, and new plays there are none. There are no more dramatists, and the stage is going to the dogs. M. Zola, a critic who has scarcely a single opinion in common with M. Sarcely, goes still further. In his new volume, *Le Naturalisme au Théâtre*, he envelops the actual order of things theatrical in an immense and dogmatical disdain. It is his ambition to be considered "a swallower of formulas," as Carlyle used to say; and he has swallowed the French stage at a gulp. Nothing that is, or that has been, contents him. He is equally contemptuous of *Barrière* and *Corneille*, of *Hernani* and *Bertrand et Raton*. He visits with disdain both *La Tour de Neule* of glorious memory and *Chien d'Aveugle*, both *Orphée aux Enfers* and *Les Noces d'Attila*. He is not less angry with D'Ennery than with Jules Verne, with *Les Bourgeois de Pont-Arcy* than with *Jean-Marie*; and it is evident that he prefers *Thérèse Raquin* to *Le Mariage d'Olympe* and *La Contagion*. His talk is all of science, method, analysis, the "human document," the naturalistic formula, "*la crudité superbe de Ben Jonson*," and so forth. In anticipation, he is the Marat of a revolution in the drama, and he will not be satisfied with less than complete anarchy, and the heads of all his contemporaries. His war-cry is that of John Leech's demagogue; nothing is that ought to be, and therefore "Down with beverythink!" As he makes no single sign which would help us to believe that he knows what makes a play and what a play should be, and as he appears to hold that the drama of the future will be an analogue in action of the novel of the present, as understood by himself and his disciples, his contribution to the literature of the question seems to be not only exasperating to everybody, but of no manner of use to anybody.

On the other hand, writers are not wanting to take a more hopeful view of matters. One of the best and most intelligent is M. Léopold Lacour, whose *Trois Théâtres* is a clever spirited attempt

to describe and define the several talents and achievements of MM. Augier, Sardou, and Dumas. M. Lacour treats all three of his authors as if they were already classic, and his work—with every allowance made for the strain of exaggeration which seems inevitable in a writer's criticism of his contemporaries—is discriminating enough. The essay which is the least deformed in this sense is the one on M. Augier; and it is, in consequence, the best and most workmanlike of the three. M. Lacour's estimate of those master-qualities—of delicacy and force, of observation and imagination, of sober daring and austere and virile refinement, of constructive ability and literary skill—which have set their owner in the front of living writers for the stage, is singularly temperate and just. M. Augier has occupied from the first a position which exposed him to a good deal of adverse criticism. When he began, it was as a representative of that reaction in favour of the classic principle in art which set in when the after of Romanticism had somewhat abated of its violence. Then, he was laughed at as a member of the school of common-sense. Next, he got into difficulties as a preacher of domestic morality, and as one who openly avowed himself the champion of injured husbands. Finally, as the grandson of Pigault-Lebrun, and the friend of Prince Napoleon, he met with scant courtesy at the hands of critics who differ from him in politics. Of the antagonism that it has been his to awaken there are traces here and there in M. Lacour himself. This author writes well of M. Augier; but it is significant that, while prone to enthusiasm and exaggeration, he writes almost dispassionately. Of *Diane*, a very beautiful and touching play, he merely says, after Théophile Gautier, that it is "a pallid copy of *Marion Delorme*"; and of *L'Aventurière*, one of the noblest and most striking of romantic dramas, he hardly deigns to make any mention at all. He admires the master works of the poet a great deal, and discerns in some of them—in *Les Lionnes Pauvres*, for instance—more and greater merit than perhaps they possess; and he makes no difficulty about giving to M. Augier that first place which is his due. But there is a touch of reserve in all he does for the author of *Maître Guérin* which is not felt when he comes to treat of the authors of *Nos Bons Villageois* and *La Princesse Georges*. He has a passion for these writers, and he cares not who knows it. Under his hand their faults grow almost admirable, while their talent takes the hues of genius itself. It is really amusing to hear him dilating on the virtues of M. Dumas. This, for instance, is the way in which he starts upon his examination of that eccentric master and his works:—"Observateur d'une pénétration rare, philosophe aventureux, volontiers mystique, tourmenté sans cesse par deux livres qu'il aspire à mettre d'accord, le Code et l'Evangile; interprétant, d'ailleurs, l'Evangile et la Bible au gré de ses théories, séduit par les images apocalyptiques, prophète et boulevardier, révolutionnaire et déiste, socialiste et conservateur, M. Dumas fils, au point de sa carrière où nous le trouvons aujourd'hui, nous présente une œuvre extrêmement originale et complexe, toujours séduisante, étincelante d'esprit, d'adresse et d'audace, avec des parties admirables, et, ce qui vaut mieux encore, avec deux ou trois pièces de premier ordre." After this, it is not surprising to find that M. Lacour is penetrated with admiration for that violent, vulgar, and clumsy melodrama, *L'Etrangère*; that he thinks the *Césarine* of *La Femme de Claude* a "figure à la Michel-Ange," and a masterpiece of characterization, and the play itself, which has been described as a nightmare of sensuous mysticism, a very excellent play indeed; and that he is prepared to accept the *dénouement* invented by M. Dumas for the *Supplice d'une Femme* for one of the best in the modern drama. It need hardly be said that he takes the moralist in M. Dumas quite seriously, or that he makes the most that can be made of his author's right, as the poet of Marguerite Gautier and Diane de Lys, to be considered the leader of the realistic revolution effected in art during the last twenty-five or thirty years. As for M. Sardou, the critic discourses of him in terms still more obliging. He labours under an impression that that most brilliant and vivacious of playwrights—"Cette incarnation du théâtre," as Barrière called him—is a great writer, a great moralist, a great satirist, a great dramatist, and a great artist in the presentment of character and emotion. In his enthusiasm he accepts the dashing farce of *L'Oncle Sam* for very literature; he sees in *La Famille Benoît* a work which, under one of its aspects, may be regarded as a pendant to *Les Femmes Savantes*, while under another it is of the deepest tragic significance. He is inclined to admire the emotional quality in *Les Vieux Garçons* quite as warmly as the incomparable neatness of its construction; and he claims not less than heroic rank for *La Haine* and *Patrie*, which are, assuredly, no more than splendidly clever. He even takes up the cudgels in defence of *Daniel Rochat*, and proves to his own satisfaction that it is not a dramatic futility, but a real play. In fact, he pushes his admiration so far as to awaken a feeling of something like astonishment in his readers that he has refrained from speaking of *Les Femmes Fortes* and *Les Pommes du Voisin*, as models of their kind.

M. Lacour has nothing to say of what is, or is not, the essential in drama, and he now and then, as has been seen, allows his enthusiasm to get the upper hand of his discretion. But he is useful in his way, and as often as not discourses usefully. His remarks concerning realism are particularly sensible; and his analysis of the influence of Balzac on the later drama—on which the image and superscription of that extraordinary artist are imprinted not less deeply than on the later novel—is extremely good and pertinent. It is worthy of note that, like MM. Sarcey and

Zola, he, too, believes the drama to be even now in a state of transition; and that, when naturalism shall have died the death it deserves, and the *pièce* shall have passed away, and there shall be no more question of the sermon-melodrama, he looks for the advent of a new kind of play, the form and spirit of which shall be altogether poetical.

JOINT-STOCK INVESTMENTS.

IT seems plain that the salutary dread of joint-stock enterprise which has so long weighed upon the English investor has at last been lifted off him. The list of new Companies which has recently been published in the *Times* may represent a good deal more capital than has been subscribed, but it must also represent a good deal which has been subscribed. Promoters do not spend their money in advertising unless the public show some disposition to buy shares, and by the time that a few Companies have asked for money without getting it, many more that have come to the birth have discovered that there is not strength to bring forth. If investments had not been brisk, the list for the three weeks ending the 23rd of April would not have been larger in proportion than that for the three months ending the 25th of March. For some time past everybody who has any spare money has been under the influence of one of two feelings—dislike to losing his principal, and dislike to getting very little interest for it. Unfortunately, the first of these feelings grows less acute as the recollection of former disasters becomes fainter; whereas the second is constantly kept vivid by the practical inconvenience of a diminished income. Every right-thinking mind is disgusted by the prospect of having to think yourself lucky if you can get four per cent. for your money. The faith of the English people in five per cent. as a divinely ordered minimum of interest has been rudely shaken of late; but the germ of the faith is there, and it only waits for a little encouragement to shoot up afresh. The promoter is skilful in marking the least signs which tell that public confidence is reviving. He rejoices to think that prospectuses have become an unknown literature to numbers who were once painfully familiar with them, and that the delusions which have been so often exposed, and the promises which have so often been broken, may once more be reproduced without much fear of detection. Now is the time to launch upon the world his Cabbage Tobacco Company. Hope, that so long seemed dead, has again come to life, and he no longer fears to find deaf ears turned to the grand scheme by which an ingenious public may be induced to buy something which is not tobacco at about the price which it has hitherto paid for something which is. When one scheme has been successfully floated, the way is at once opened to a second. Those who could not make up their minds to write for shares in one Company until the day on which the subscription list was to be closed had come and gone are naturally anxious not to make a similar mistake with a second. They do not wish to be less courageous, and consequently less fortunate, than their neighbours, and as each successive prospectus takes care to improve a little on its predecessors, they are justified in describing their prospects from the undertaking in which they have actually invested as even brighter than those that would have been theirs if they had not let the first undertaking slip. This process is capable of indefinite repetition; and, for however long a time the issue of new Companies may go on, promoters are sure to be forthcoming who will promise to give unto this last even as unto all that went before it.

There are two aspects in which investment in new Companies may be regarded, and neither of them at all justifies the childlike trust which characterizes the investor in prosperous times. The money invested is either put into a business, or lent to those who are going to carry on a business. Consequently, a man who buys shares in a new Company must, if he is commonly prudent, be satisfied of his own knowledge either that the business is promising, or that those who propose to carry it on are trustworthy. It is strange that the mere interposition of the words "Joint-Stock Company, Limited," should exert so magical an effect. Ordinarily speaking, if it were proposed to a man who has saved money to embark in a business of which he knows absolutely nothing, or to lend his capital to persons of whose character and qualifications he is equally ignorant, he would think that he was being made fun of. Dairy farming, hotel management, house-building, mineral water bottling, furniture-selling, and all the hundred other forms of industrial enterprise which are now being launched upon the market need special skill and training. They need this special skill and training just as much when the business is to be carried on by a joint-stock Company as when it is to be carried on by an ordinary partnership. It may be said that even in ordinary partnerships there are sleeping partners, and that an investor in a joint-stock Company is no worse off than a sleeping partner in any other concern. But then a sleeping partner is usually a man who has sufficient confidence in those with whom he is associated to leave his money in their hands. He is not a trader, but a capitalist who has lent money to traders. The wisdom of this course depends entirely on his knowledge of the traders in whom he places his trust, and there is nothing in the position of a shareholder in a joint-stock Company to exempt him from this rule. In so far, and only in so far, as he has good grounds for putting confidence in the management of the Company, is he wise in lending

money to it. To have these good grounds it is not enough that there are names on the direction whom he knows by repute. There are names, indeed, which carry assurance with them, but they are the names of men who have a specific business reputation, and of this the ordinary investor can seldom be a judge. What he means by a good direction is a board which includes a baronet, a general, and a younger son of a peer—an excellent combination possibly for social purposes, but an utterly worthless one from a business point of view. If any one of the three came to the investor and proposed to borrow money of him, he would at once feel this; but when the proposal is that he should lend money, not to a baronet, a general, or a younger son, but to a Company, of which he really knows nothing except that a baronet, a general, and a younger son are among its directors, his hand is at once in his pocket. There is, it is true, a further difference between an ordinary sleeping partner and a shareholder in a joint-stock Company. The liability of the ordinary sleeping partner is unlimited; the liability of the shareholder is, for the most part, limited. If the investor took his total liability into account, and bought no more shares than he could contrive to pay for, supposing all the capital to be called up, this would be a solid distinction. But, as regards the majority of investors in new Companies, it is a distinction which comes to very little. They regulate the amount of their investments, not by the nominal capital, but by the capital it is proposed to raise at once, so that, if the Company is wound up and the whole of the nominal capital has to be provided in order to satisfy its creditors, the shareholders may be ruined quite as effectually as though their liability had been unlimited.

The result of all this is that the general public had better avoid new Companies, and especially small new Companies, one reason for this last caution being that where the nominal capital is very small there is always some ground for surprise that it has been found necessary to come to the general public for it. Men of business are always on the look out for good investments, and when they know of one which promises exceedingly well, and needs no more money than they can themselves command, it is not very obvious why they should be anxious to share the golden opportunity with people of whom they know nothing. Inasmuch, however, as new Companies are increasing in number every week, it is evident that nobody needs this and similar warnings. If they did, there would be very few new Companies.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

THE General Tariff Bill, which has so long been under discussion in the French Chambers, has at last been passed, and now awaits only promulgation to become law. Six months after it is promulgated it will come into force, and, consequently, there are only six months within which to negotiate the new commercial treaty between this country and France. If the treaty is not then concluded, the General Tariff will apply to English as well as to other foreign goods imported into France, unless, indeed, our Government in the meantime can induce the French Government and Chambers to prolong the existing treaty for another short period. From one point of view the General Tariff marks a great advance towards Free-trade, though from another it is disappointingly reactionary. The National Convention adopted commercial, as well as civil and political, freedom; but in the long wars which followed, heavy duties had to be imposed, not so much for the sake of the protection they gave as for the revenue they yielded; but they were continued and even increased by the succeeding Governments with the view of giving protection to native industry. At last these duties became absolutely prohibitive in many instances, and in nearly every case were very onerous. The Commercial Treaty negotiated by Mr. Cobden in 1860 was the first breach in this system, and there quickly followed other treaties with the Continental Governments. The General Tariff Bill, which has now been passed, is intended to replace the old tariff which existed before Mr. Cobden's treaty was negotiated—that is to say, the legislative, not the conventional, tariff of recent times. Regarded from this point of view, it marks, as we have said, a great advance. But the experience gained under Mr. Cobden's treaty and those which followed it had proved so clearly the advantages of a liberal *régime* in trade that it was hoped France would adopt the conventional tariffs as a rule henceforth; and this, indeed, was the first idea that prevailed. Five or six years ago, when the question was first submitted to the Superior Council of Commerce, the recommendations made were that the conventional tariffs should be adopted in the case of those countries which did not negotiate special treaties with France, but that for countries entering into treaties further concessions should be made. The Bill, however, which was ultimately introduced in the Chamber of Deputies, proposed duties in most cases higher than those of the treaties, and even those duties have been raised during the passage of the measure through the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. Roughly, we may say that, as the Bill now stands, the duties have been raised, on an average, about 25 per cent. From this point of view the Bill must be regarded as reactionary. But when it is borne in mind that the tariff is intended to apply to countries, like the United States, which refuse to make any concessions to France or to enter into any treaties with her, and that further concessions can be purchased by countries which will negotiate, it must be acknowledged, after all, to be not very re-

actionary. Of course, it is not a Free-trade tariff. Its fundamental principle is Reciprocity. The French have not yet come to see that the interests of the general consumer are of greater importance than the interests of the small body of producers who provide for the foreign market. And they insist, therefore, that whatever concessions are made to the foreign importer must be bought by him. The general tariff is, therefore, merely the starting-point for negotiation, and it depends upon the willingness and ability of other Governments to purchase concessions whether they shall obtain a large or a small reduction in the duties. In this country we take a different view of the matter. But as we desire the promotion of commercial intercourse between the two countries, it is to our interest, if possible, to induce France to reduce the duties of the General Tariff. In any case, whether we obtain reductions or not, it is important that the new treaty should be negotiated as quickly as may be, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that no time will be lost in pushing on the negotiations. Mr. Kennedy, of the Foreign Office, it is true, has been sent to Paris; but, according to the statement made by Sir Charles Dilke in the House of Commons on Monday evening, the negotiations proper have not yet begun, Mr. Kennedy and the French delegates being engaged as yet only in the examination of the tariff relating to woollen goods.

As we have stated above, there are only six months, according to present arrangements, within which to negotiate the treaty. This is evidently too short a time. The negotiations proper must be preceded by a detailed and minute examination of the duties relating to each particular class of articles, and to make this satisfactorily will be a slow and tedious work. As we have already stated, the first idea in France, five or six years ago, was to take Mr. Cobden's treaty as the starting-point, making reductions in it if this country was willing to grant corresponding advantages to France. This plainly was an admission on the part of the French authorities that the old duties of the commercial treaties were not only protective, but were sufficiently protective, even in the case of countries like the United States which refuse to negotiate with France. It is now said to be the intention of the French Government to propose to ours a reduction in the general tariff of only about 25 per cent.; in other words, to continue the Cobden Treaty practically, or, that is to say, to maintain Protection against us. But, in reality, a rough reduction in the General Tariff of 25 per cent. would not maintain the duties now existing, for in some cases the duties have been raised more than 25 per cent., while in others they have not been raised so much. There would thus be a disturbance of existing duties, and our negotiators would need the assistance of experts to say whether this disturbance would be to our advantage or not, or whether, in fact, it would not in some cases put an end to all trade between the countries. The mere examination of the various duties would, therefore, take up a very large part of the six months, even if there were nothing else to prolong the examination and make it more difficult. But there is very much more. Besides raising the duties generally, the General Tariff Bill substitutes specific for *ad valorem* duties—that is to say, it proposes to tax goods by weight and quality instead of by value. The reason assigned for this is the prevention of frauds and disputes. And no doubt the *ad valorem* system does admit of both frauds and disputes. A dishonest importer, we can well believe, often puts too low a value upon his goods, thus defrauding the French Treasury and his own more honest competitors. A perfectly conscientious man may often make a mistake in the hurry of business. And in any case, whether he is right or wrong, the French Custom House officials may take a different view of the matter, and disputes may arise even with the best intentions on both sides. But the specific system is liable to still greater abuses. It splits up the various kinds of goods into a multitude of categories, so that it is scarcely possible for any importer to know in what category to place his goods. It is thus as liable both to frauds and disputes as the other; while it is much more vexatious to the importer, and quite as troublesome to the Custom House officials. For example, if a bale of goods should be made up of two or three different qualities, the Custom House officials would have to open the bale and test the weight and fineness of each of the two or three pieces. There is thus just as much room for dispute as in the other case, and the opening and handling of the bale are very likely to spoil the goods. The following extract from the letter of a merchant to one of the Manchester papers puts this part of the case so strongly from the practical point of view that we are tempted to quote it:—

The new tariff substitutes no less than 57 categories or separate standards in lieu of the uniform 15 per cent. *ad valorem* rate for every variety of printed cottons—namely, 17 groups in connexion with the grey cloth and three more subdivisions of each group in respect of colours. Thus, a French buyer coming to this market to purchase of export or calico warehouses would, before he could ascertain the suitability of the seller's quotations, entail on the seller the following laborious work. First, the separation of all goods submitted to him into groups in respect of colours—a process of the gravest difficulty in view of "superpositions," and almost impossible to perform in foggy seasons; secondly, after having thus separated the colourings, each piece has to be separately measured for width and length, then weighed, thereafter counted with a magnifying glass to ascertain the number of threads in a square of five millimetres, in order to determine to which of the 17 grey classes each piece may belong.

This, it will be borne in mind, refers only to cotton goods; but the same thing more or less applies to woollen, linen, jute, and, in fact, almost every other kind of commodity. Our manufacturers are most anxious that the proposed substitution of the specific for

ad valorem duties should not be acceded to by our Government, and, if possible, it is desirable that the *ad valorem* duties should be retained. In any case, there will be a strong opposition made to the proposal, and the discussion will lead to a very long and very minute examination. If only six months are allowed, it is scarcely possible that this examination can be conducted satisfactorily; and, therefore, the treaty either will not be concluded in the time, or it will be concluded hurriedly and imperfectly. It is to be hoped, then, that a prolongation of the time allowed for negotiating the treaty may be agreed to. And this is desirable for another reason. A certain time ought to be given to our merchants to prepare for the new régime. As things stand now, they do not know whether at the end of six months the existing duties will be continued, or the duties of the General Tariff will come into force, or new duties will be agreed upon of which they are as yet entirely ignorant. It is impossible, therefore, for them to prepare for the new state of things. And if they are not given a reasonable time for preparation, they will be obliged to suspend their manufacture for the French market altogether. This does not mean merely that a certain portion of the time for which the new treaty runs will be lost; it means that manufacturers and workpeople now engaged in producing goods for the French market will have to stop working altogether, or nearly altogether, and, therefore, to go without their profits and their wages.

Unfortunately, in the negotiations we have very little to offer to France except a reduction of the wine duties. We have frankly adopted the principle of Free-trade, and have thrown our ports open to all the world. When France, therefore, insists that we shall purchase concessions from her, we have nothing with which to make the purchase. It is very improbable, therefore, that we shall be able to induce her to reduce very greatly the duties she now proposes, or to alter her intention to substitute specific for *ad valorem* duties. And there are reasons why she should be unwilling to make very great concessions apart altogether from protectionist prepossessions. During the past few years, as we all know, protectionist ideas have gained ground rapidly upon the Continent. Spain, Italy, Austria, and Germany, one after another have increased their duties. And what France grants to us she will hardly be able to refuse to the countries surrounding her. Perhaps this would not affect her much if she regarded the matter from a commercial standpoint solely. For even now Free-trade principles have gained a considerable foothold in France. But, unfortunately, political prejudices and antipathies come into play. By the Treaty of Frankfurt, which ended the Franco-German War, Germany obtained for herself the privilege of the most favoured nation in all commercial matters, and, resting satisfied with that, she has refused since to negotiate a commercial treaty with France. It follows that whatever concessions France makes to us in the coming treaty she will make to Germany also, without obtaining anything in return from Germany. We need hardly say that France is very unwilling to make any concessions to Germany which she can avoid. We are thus weighted in the negotiations upon which we are about to enter by the fact that we are purchasing concessions for Germany as well as for ourselves. We are also weighted by the unwise advocacy of many of our own merchants and public writers. They cite statistics to show that the Cobden Treaty has been much more favourable to France than to England, which is no doubt true enough for this reason, that we maintain no duty upon French goods except upon wines, whereas France maintains a great many duties upon English goods. But the inferences that are drawn in this country, and are urged upon the attention of Frenchmen, imply that France thereby has gained an advantage, and that she ought to redress the balance; whereas the real truth is, that it is we who have gained the advantage. Our consumers obtain French goods without paying a heavy duty upon them, whereas the French purchasers of English goods have to pay a price for those goods enhanced by all the amount of the duties. Those writers, therefore, confirm the Reciprocity notions of the French, and make them doubt whether English people are, after all, such thorough Free-traders as they profess to be. In another way, too, our advocates injure their own case. Some of the Manchester people, for instance, are advising the Government to refuse to negotiate altogether unless *ad valorem* duties are retained. This is sheer nonsense. And none know that it is so better than the French. If the Government were to refuse to negotiate a treaty, those specific duties which the Manchester people so much dislike would be introduced by the General Tariff, and, in addition, the 25 per cent. which that tariff adds to the existing duty would be imposed. So that, if the Government were to follow the advice of these sapient counsellors, the only result would be an enhancement of the duties, and the introduction of the very specific duties against which the protest is made. What is really desirable is that the Government should lose no time in negotiating some kind of treaty, and should obtain as low duties as it can without sacrificing any principle; but that it should neither make threats which it does not intend to carry out, nor pretend an indifference to a treaty which it does not feel.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

WITHOUT any special reference to the wisdom or unwisdom of the system of Hanging Committees, as that system is arranged by the Royal Academy, it is certainly safe to say that all former vagaries of all former Hanging Committees within the

memory of man have been surpassed by the Hanging Committee of this year appointed to arrange those pictures which the Council has decided to have hung on the walls, and to select and arrange for hanging on the walls those pictures the choice of which is left to the Hanging Committee. There would be no new experience in finding a certain number of grossly incompetent works hung in places of conventional honour; for the rules of the Academy are so constituted that a certain number of such works must inevitably be so hung. But it is perhaps almost as novel as it is unfortunate to find so much valuable space given to works which are plainly beneath serious consideration, while pictures of much merit are put in places which are evidently unfit for them. It is, of course, impossible to say anything of those pictures which the Committee have thought fit to reject altogether. But there is no reason why the system, already spoken of, of filling up "the line" with utterly unworthy works should not be dwelt upon both in general and in detail. Of this we may have more to say on future occasions, as we may of the extraordinary blindness or indifference to any rational scheme of colour exhibited by the Hanging Committee of this year in their juxtaposition of pictures. In every room this creates constant offence to the eye, and a constant sense of irritation, due to the feeling that there are certain pictures which it is impossible to judge fairly, merely because their surroundings are so ignorantly placed.

Apart from the freaks and fancies of which we have spoken, it cannot be said that the whole exhibition, so far, at least, as the oil-paintings are concerned, is one of astonishing merit. That it should contain some fine works is, one may hope, for the sake of English art, as inevitable as the prominence given to pictures of mediocre, or less than mediocre, value is clearly avoidable. It may be well, in a first general view, to pick out some of those works which, from one cause or another, seem to compel attention. Gallery No. I. contains an admirable picture by Mr. Briton Rivière, called "Envy, Hatred, and Malice" (2). In this we have a girl standing up with a pet pug on her shoulder, whilst dogs of other kinds surround her with attitudes and expressions that are denoted by the title. The dogs are as true and as well painted as one would expect them to be by Mr. Rivière; while the figure of the girl seems to show a distinct advance in the painter's command of the human figure. The same gallery contains a work by Mr. Yeames, R.A., "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush" (9), a work which can hardly be surpassed for hotness of colour and hardness of treatment, and which is hung on the line. It would be unjust, however, to Mr. Yeames to couple with this another work hung on the line, painted by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., and entitled "For Better, for Worse" (14). The glaring faults of this production, of which vulgarity is not perhaps the worst, cannot possibly be conveyed by description. Also on the line is an ambitious work by Mr. Eyre Crowe, A., which purposed to represent the "Explosion of the Cashmere Gate at Delhi, September 14, 1857" (66). The idea of the composition is not altogether without merit, but to the execution it is impossible to give any praise. From these things it is pleasant to turn to such work as Mr. Cecil Lawson's "The Pool" (19), of which the tenderness, truth, and good painting are striking. Mr. Peter Graham's "Mountain Road" (55) is fully worthy of the painter's reputation. It represents a Scotch landscape, with steers sniffing, as only Highland steers can, at an approaching man and dog. A mist hangs lightly, in spite of the bright sunshine, over the mountain's side on the right. The vividness and delicacy of the work can hardly be overpraised. Mr. Woods's "At the foot of the Rialto, Venice" (61) is admirable, alike in composition, drawing, colour, and in the sense of picturesque life which pervades an attractive work. Mr. Logsdail, who seems to have made the subject of Antwerp his own, has in this room an exceedingly good picture called "St. Anne's Almshouses, Antwerp" (25), and close to this hangs a portrait, "Mlle. L. R." (24), by M. Fantin, whose treatment of black drapery is, as usual, masterly. We are sorry to be unable to find any admiration for the President's "Elisha raising the Son of the Shunamite" (49). In Gallery No. II. not the least remarkable and admirable work is a small picture called "A Frightful State of Things" (71), by Signor Chierici. The subject is a child in a high chair, with an empty, or all but empty, bowl of porridge, besieged by geese and poultry of every description. The work is admirably painted and is full of life, movement, and unexaggerated humour. The large work by Mr. Long, which hangs in the place of honour in this room, "Diana or Christ" (97), will inevitably and justly attract a great deal of attention; full inquiry into its merits and shortcomings must be deferred, but for the present we may say that it strikes us as a strongly and beautifully felt piece of work, which, it is hardly necessary to add, has some striking technical merits. Mr. S. E. Waller's "Success" (81) is full of dramatic power, and is admirably painted. Mr. Stacy Marks's "An Episcopal Visitation" (113) is an admirably humorous portrait of some adjutant cranes at whom a bishop is looking. The President's portrait of himself (119), painted for the Uffizi Gallery, seems to us a work of the highest merit. In Gallery No. III., the large room, Mr. Calderon, R.A., exhibits "Flowers of the Earth" (161), an ambitious and highly-coloured attempt in the manner of Veronese. Near this are Mr. Briton Rivière's admirable study of tigers, called "A Roman Holiday" (155), and Mr. Watts's excellent portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "The Symbol" (175) is remarkable for, among other things, its beauty of colour; and Mr. Frith's "Swift and Vanessa," which is hung on the line, is remarkable for every quality which it ought not to

possess. The President's "Idyl" (197) is as beautiful in colour and feeling as anything that he has lately done; and Mr. Alma Tadema's "Sappho" (269) is an admirable piece of drawing and brilliant colouring, next to which the Hanging Committee have placed Mr. Millais's charming, and quietly coloured "Cinderella," a piece of taste which requires no comment. Mr. Heywood Hardy has struck out a new line with complete success in his "Sidi Ahmed ben Avada and the Holy Lion" (213). Of this, as of Mr. John Collier's powerful "Last Voyage of Henry Hudson" (260)—which has been bought by the Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest—we may have more to say in future. We shall also have to return to Mr. Boughton's finely felt and painted "Hester Prynne" (237), and to a picture which will excite a deep and mournful interest—Mr. Millais's admirable portrait of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Herbert, R.A., who has a curiously ill-painted picture hung on the line in this room, has in the next a still worse one, also hung on the line, called "The Sword of Herod" (299). In the same room, No. 4, is a fine and strong landscape of "Mountain-tops" (315) standing out from a sea of mist by Mr. McWhirter. Mr. V. Prinsep's "The Young Solomon" (341) is remarkable for its daring and completely successful scheme of colour.

In Gallery No. V. Mr. Herkomer's "Missing" (373) seems to us somewhat disappointing both in conception and execution. Mr. Small's "The Survivors" (385) is a little wanting in the power needed for the treatment of such a subject. Mr. Luke Fildes's "A Venetian" (378) more than makes up for the comparative failure of some pictures of his in a former room which we have not mentioned by name. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie" (402) is instinct with character and humour. Gallery No. VI. contains a striking landscape, "Golden Prospects" (445), in which Mr. Brett has produced as brilliant and attractive an effect as he did with his celebrated picture of the Channel Islands a few years ago; and "After Rain" (459), one of Mr. Keeley Halsewelle's best Thames studies. On the line hang Mr. Archer's "Betrothal of Robert Burns and Highland Mary" (464), which seems to be a study from ugly wax figures; Mr. Cope's "Far-away Thoughts" (510), which is full of an obviously unconscious humour; and a picture by Mr. Clark (477), which is described in the Catalogue, with unintended irony, by two lines from Burns. The work is an attempt, which is not altogether unsuccessful, to follow the style of Mr. Frith. It may be enough to call attention to the fact that Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Sandwiches" (503) is also hung on the line. Next to this hangs Mr. Dicksee's charming picture, called "The Monks' Walk." In Gallery No. VII. a lately-elected Royal Academician exhibits a diploma work, which seems to mark accurately enough his sense of the honour done to him; but, to make up for this, the room contains two very fine sea-pieces by Mr. Shaw (530, 536); a beautiful and tender picture by the President (585); a study of Monks, which is full of humour, by Mr. Sadler (596); and a portrait, by Mr. Millais, of "Captain James, Royal Scots Greys" (604), for which it would be difficult to find anything but praise.

In the Lecture Room the Hanging Committee has perhaps found fuller scope for its jests and japes than elsewhere. M. Fantin's "La Pluie d'Or" (873), Mr. A. Stuart Wortley's portrait of "C. Stuart Wortley, Esq., M.P." (975), Sir Robert Collier's "Glacier of the Rhône" (984), and, to say nothing of other instances, Mr. Browning's "Heresy" (971), are as ill hung as possible. Mrs. Butler's "Defence of Rorke's Drift" (899) will probably disappoint those who remember M. de Neuville's picture. Mr. Bridgman has a fine picture called "The Funeral Rites of a Mummy on the Nile" (906), and Mr. John Collier an admirable portrait of Mr. Edwin Booth in *Richelieu*. The Tenth Gallery contains comparatively little to challenge attention. The President exhibits two charming Studies (1414 and 1417); Mr. Watts has an admirable portrait of Mr. Pepys Cockerell (1391), and Mr. Glindoni a very clever subject-picture of "Prince Henry before Judge Gascoigne" (1353). In this first general sketch of the Academy a large number of works which deserve notice either for their merits or demerits have, of course, been passed over. But the impression produced by a first view cannot be called altogether pleasing.

THE THEATRES.

WE do not know whether Mr. McCullough has chosen to appear in *Virginius* because that is his best part, or because he wishes to avoid direct rivalry with another American tragedian whom we have all had the pleasure of seeing. If the latter is his motive, we can commend it as wise; but from any other point of view his choice was unfortunate. He would have done better to select a piece which helps the actor more to meet the heavy call it makes on his power. The story of *Virginius* and the great scene in the fourth act are so terrible that only the finest acting can render them adequately. The verse of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, again, leaves everything to the actor. There is a feeble evenness of flow about it that becomes utterly wearisome, unless the interpretation be striking. Unfortunately Mr. McCullough fails to elevate the dialogue by any power of acting and shows himself unable to rise to the level of the really great situations. In the earlier scenes of the play he has a

certain homely simplicity of manner, which is in good keeping with the character of Virginius, but in the very first he disappoints, by the want of variety in his voice and acting. He has but one manner for his daughter, Servia, Icilius, or Dentatus. He promises his daughter in marriage with the same voice and bearing with which he discusses the conduct of the Decemvirs. The verse of Sheridan Knowles is extremely commonplace in this passage, the pathos entirely conventional; but, if there had been any genuine emotion in the voice of the actor, that could have been overlooked. But Mr. McCullough's acting only served to point the conventionality of the words. His utterance became mechanically slow and laboured, but was never husky. The working of his eyes only called attention to the absence of tears.

It would, of course, be unjust to judge the actor by his performance in this act, though a failure to avail himself of the opportunities it affords is not a hopeful sign of what is to follow. And in all that does follow the impression produced by him is that he constantly falls far short of excellence. We do not deny that Mr. McCullough has studied his part carefully or that his elocution is generally good. But there is no indication of an intelligent conception of the character, still less of any originality. It is not only that he fails to express emotion. That might be largely due to deficient physical power. There is no sign of original artistic intention. Throughout the one great scene of the fourth act, in which he has such ample opportunities for producing a great effect, his gestures were mechanical and his voice hard. There was none of the terrible wrath with which he should have cowed Caius, or the withering sarcasm to be expected when he taunts Appius Claudius. The trivial wrangle about the word "fashion" between Virginius and the Decemvir is made doubly trivial by Mr. McCullough. But the worst part of his acting was the way in which he kills his daughter. The actor's bearing is ungraceful throughout, but his delivery of the blow was ignoble. It is in keeping with the general absence of thoughtful artistic effort in Mr. McCullough's acting that he has been unable to resist the temptation of being far too fine for his part. With no apparent object, except to enhance his own personal importance, he consistently violates the simplicity of dress and surroundings proper to the position of Virginius. The hero of the Roman legend is a poor freeman, who tills his own land. The Virginius of Mr. McCullough lives in a house too splendid in furniture and size for a wealthy Roman of the time. In the camp he wears a gilded cuirass and purple mantle, gaudy enough for an Imperial legate, and quite out of place on the back of a Republican centurion. All the tragedy of Virginius's part is lost if he is not to represent the poor man suffering from the rich oppressor; but at Drury Lane he is as fine as Appius Claudius.

Mr. Ryder, who played Dentatus, is the only one of the other actors of whom any good can be said. His Dentatus, though stagey, was on the whole satisfactory. If Mr. Ryder was the best of the company, by far the worst was Mr. Harris. His bearing, which was doubtless meant to be manly, was in the worst style of melodrama. Miss Cowell was pretty and sympathetic in the part of Virginia, but she was never anything more. She was equal to her part in the first two acts, but when the play required her to do something more than smile pleasantly, she was found wanting. There was nothing worthy of note in Mrs. Arthur Stirling's Servia, except the clearness of her elocution. The performance, it is only just to say, was loudly applauded. Those who understand the humours of the Drury Lane pit and gallery may perhaps be able to explain why.

The most striking feature of the revival of *The Lady of Lyons* at the St. James's is the acting of Mrs. Kendal. Her Pauline has the fault of being at times a little too lachrymose. When she offers to accompany the husband she is beginning to love and has forgiven for his unworthy trick, her manner might with advantage be a little more proud and resolute. In the fifth act her recital of her story is somewhat too much drawn out. But her impersonation is not the less one of sustained excellence. She was graceful in the coquetry of the earlier love scenes with the supposed Prince; but she was at her best in the trying scene in Claude's cottage. She indicated very finely the first dawning of her understanding of the truth, and passed into a bitter passion of rage and sarcasm without losing for a moment the self-control necessary for a proper artistic rendering of the situation. Equally fine was her acting with the Widow Melnotte. The struggle between Pauline's pride and her innate kindness while she is hesitating how she is to behave to the mother of the man whom she does not know whether she loves or not was indicated in its most delicate variations. The cottage scenes were also Mr. Kendal's strongest point. He represented throughout the passionate, fiery Southern nature of Melnotte with force enough to atone for the extreme incredibility of the character. There was great pathos in his parting from Pauline, and a sort of fierce dignity in his dismissal of Beauséant. The best acting could scarcely save the inflated language of Bulwer Lytton's hero from sounding ridiculous, and Mr. Kendal was accordingly heavy at times. Perhaps he could not help being weighed down by the bombastic rhetoric. He is weakest in the fifth act, when he fails to look sufficiently soldierly. Mr. Hare does the utmost for the smaller part of Colonel Damas. His bearing is at once well-bred and blunt, and he gave the Colonel's well-known soliloquy on women with his usual spirit. Miss Louise Moodie made a very touching piece of acting out of the part of the Widow Melnotte, and acted with a just mixture of simplicity and dignity. Mrs.

Gaston Murray was less satisfactory as Mme. Deschappelles, and the Beausant of Mr. T. N. Newman was still more indifferent. He contrived to be both too stiff and too noisy in his proposal of love to Pauline.

It would be almost an impertinence to say that Mr. Gilbert's "New and original æsthetic opera" is full of clever rhymes, and has passages of very genuine fun. These things are matters of course in his work. His peculiar ingenuity in contriving unexpected and laughable situations is perhaps as much shown in *Patience* as in any of his other writings, and it needs it all. The spectacle of the zealous satirist energetically killing the giant he has made is liable to grow a little ridiculous. Æsthetic young men and maidens bid fair to become good stock figures for laughter on our stage, and, like other popular types, will survive the original. Already no chorus is complete in any new farce without a pale-faced, long-haired young man, with his hat on the back of his head and a flower as big as a frying-pan in his hand. The author is apparently not without an uneasy sense that his satire is being spent on the empty air. A note on the programme informs us that the "Management considers it advisable to state that the libretto of this opera was completed in November last." Perhaps this is meant to explain certain references to the invincible British uniform; but it may also show that Mr. Gilbert has an uneasy consciousness that the work he has set himself to do has been a little overdone since that date. The æsthetic young man of satire with three theatres and a weekly paper all to himself is threatening to become a nuisance. The remarkable creature has never been seen out of the pages of *Punch* by the audience who laugh at Mr. Grossmith's very funny acting. The "very delectable, highly respectable threepenny-bus young man," who delights in new slang, has every reason to be obliged to Mr. Du Maurier and his dramatic rivals for enlarging his copious vocabulary. They have seriously affected the supremacy of the music-hall.

The artificial satire of *Patience* is, in fact, the weakest side of the piece. The "twenty love-sick maidens" who transfer their affections from Bunthorne to Grosvenor threaten more than once to become tedious, in spite of Mr. Sullivan's pretty music and Mr. Gilbert's clever verse. The audience laughed, as they would at any breakdown, at the excellent fooling of the Duke, Colonel, and Major in their æsthetic dress and "early-English" attitudes. They laughed, too, at Mr. Grossmith when he sang how if "you are anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic line," you must, among other follies, "walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily," with the confidence of people who had a good safe opportunity. They knew all about that lily. But we heard the heartiest laughter at passages which had nothing to do with the "high æsthetic line." The Major's cramp was most effective. The Duke, who suddenly took us all back to the good old beaten road of satire on snobbery, was immensely enjoyed by a house keenly alive to the value of dukes. Messrs. Grossmith and Barrington were most effective when they were burlesquing not Maudie, but the well-worn follies of melodrama. Mr. Grossmith was very funny as Bunthorne, when he threatens to launch a "nephew's curse" on the head of Grosvenor, and was deservedly applauded; but both the author and the audience had lost all sight of the æsthetic craze at that moment. In one passage, where the intention of ridicule was more obvious, it wholly failed of its effect. Reginald Grosvenor, the All-Right, having renounced his artistic affectations, becomes an "every-day young man," and persuades the maidens who adore him to become "every day" in manner and appearance. Their happy change to "prettily pattering, cheerily chattering every-day young girls" is signalled by their entry in dresses of the loudest colours, dancing in a manner which is certainly in marked contrast to their former languor. As a matter of taste they were in a better state while still "love-sick maidens." The heartiest laughter of the evening was not of a kind which can have been pleasing to the friendly critics who are so fond of dwelling on the purity of Mr. Gilbert's work. Nothing delighted the audience more than the scene between *Patience* and Grosvenor in the second act, with its very perceptible under-current of disagreeable suggestiveness. Lady Jane, too, pleased hugely by her recitative and song at the beginning of the same act. The humour of this passage consists entirely in its smart rhymes on the trumpery scandals of the toilette-table. Throughout the whole piece there are timid approaches, not always of a very skilful character, to the tone of those naughty foreign opéra-bouffes at which Mr. Gilbert's admirers are so shocked. As regards the literary workmanship of the piece, it has undoubted cleverness in many passages; but the trick of saying very ordinary things backwards to produce a start or suggest what the writer does not care to say is becoming an affectation quite as silly and not nearly so pretty as Bunthorne's lily.

The undoubted success of *Patience* is largely due to Mr. Sullivan's music. He must share the credit with the prevailing popular craze that all sensible people are bound to laugh at æstheticism; but even so, enough remains to make a very real success for him. His songs will, it is probable, be sung when the professed motive of the opera has become unintelligible. In the duet between *Patience* and Grosvenor the beauty of the music is very far above the trivial intention of the verse. There is a genuine melancholy charm in Lady Jane's song, "Silvered is the raven hair," of which, as we have already hinted, the words are offensive. The music, though occasionally suggesting repetitions of the composer's own work, and at times imitations of other masters, is always lively. Of the actors we have left ourselves little room to speak. The most strikingly original

performance of the whole was Miss Alice Barnett's "Lady Jane," which was in the best style of farce, very comic, and controlled by fairly good taste. Mr. Grossmith was amply funny, and passed from lackadaisical affectation to most exaggerated melodrama with humorous effect. The attitude and voice he assumed to inform *Patience* that he was a "cursed thing" were admirable, so were his tones when assuring her that he was not so bilious as he looked, and had a great deal of "innocent fun in him." Mr. Barrington was less varied as Grosvenor, but he sang the song of the "Silver Churn" with good effect. We may point out that the dance of Grosvenor and Bunthorne in the second act was much too like a certain dance on the deck of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Miss Braham made a very pretty *Patience*, and sang with good expression and a fresh voice. The scenery in both acts was charming, and so was the grouping of the chorus. Perhaps the first tableau was also the best.

The 'Arry element is again asserting itself in comic criticism. A contemporary, for whose antecedents we have a deserved respect, devotes much space to Mr. Irving's Doricourt in *The Belle's Stratagem*, and this is what is said of it:—"The business is as stupid as that of Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*," "which, because it is the Bard's, must be an excellent comedy." The space devoted to illustration is not sufficient, "it being as much as we can do to get in his legs comfortably." A deserving recognition of artistic merit by a great University is amusingly alluded to, and the suggestion is made that LL. stands for "Long Lanky," and D for Doricourt. Miss Terry is the "Tooest too-too"; and the critic, with a remarkable sense at once of humour and fitness, proceeds to burlesque the dying words of the greatest of England's naval heroes. Yet this is not a journal of the gutter species. But, after all, 'Arry is not the arbiter of public taste, and it is possible that before long there may be a demand for a comic journal.

REVIEWS.

FORNERON'S HISTORY OF PHILIP II.*

EVEN had it been possible for an author of so very marked an idiosyncrasy as that displayed by M. Forneron to take up the broken threads of a narrative begun by another hand, a new history of the reign of Philip II. could hardly have been incorporated in itself the late Mr. Prescott's half-accomplished work. Twenty years, or thereabouts, have passed since, with a soul above circumstance, the high-minded American historian produced his unfinished account of a reign which he could still describe as open ground for writers in the English tongue, while neither at home in Spain nor elsewhere had the subject been comprehensively treated in any book of European reputation. In a valuable bibliographical appendix to one of the volumes now before us, M. Forneron speaks of Watson's history, of which Robertson's masterpiece was of course the parent, as sharing with the much earlier *Life of Philip* by Gregorio Leti the claim to having "contributed most to substitute legends for facts" in connexion with its theme; perhaps a word might have been put in, as regards at least one episode, on behalf of the ingenious Abbé St. Réal. Meanwhile, since Prescott's death, much new material has been discovered or digested in Spain and in other countries, more especially in Belgium; and though it is not to be anticipated that the general verdict of mankind upon Philip II. and his statecraft will undergo any very material alteration, yet history is far from having said its last word concerning many events and characters of his extraordinary reign.

If, however, M. Forneron is right (which we certainly suspect him to be), there is in at least one European country no very general desire to hear the truth told about *Don Felipe el prudente*, however abundantly it may of late have been told there. The Spanish nation

qui s'est incarnée un moment dans Philippe II., ne se plaît pas à entendre juger son prince: avec une admiration ombrageuse, elle pardonne en lui ses propres travers, piété cérémonieuse, fierté silencieuse, patience indolente; elle excuse ce vice de temporisation maniaque que les moralistes contemporains reprochent encore à l'administration espagnole, et ne peut parvenir à regretter que les "choses d'Espagne" soient organisées dans un ordre quelconque peu logique.

Most undoubtedly Philip might have been characterized in the same words in which one of our later Elizabethans characterizes the Spanish nation, as "proud, and in his pride unsociable": no calamity, no opposition, whether from a Pope or from a people, could affect his belief in the infallibility of his own judgment, or disturb a self-consciousness which the servility of contemporary sovereigns had flattered to the top of its bent. Procrastination, on the other hand, was the bane of his government. The revolt of the Netherlands was due to the continued presence there of the Spanish troops; Philip had undeniably meant to take them away, but his slowness in carrying out his own intentions caused the delay which in the end led to his greatest political loss. The fruits of the most glorious success of his reign, the victory of Lepanto, were forfeited for the same reason. On this occasion jealousy of Don John may have co-operated, but it was quite in the nature of things that Philip and his secretaries should do nothing, while the Turks had a new armada at sea six months

* *Histoire de Philippe II.* Par H. F. Forneron. Tomes i. and ii. Paris. 1881.

after their defeat. There are other features in the character and disposition of Philip peculiarly sympathetic to his countrymen—among them one on which we should not have greatly cared to dwell, did it not make itself extremely prominent in M. Forneron's pages. Silent and sombre from his youth up, incapable of friendship or of conjugal devotion, Philip was in wanton amorousness no unfitting ruler of a people which about his time was to see clothed in a literary form the national type of Don Juan Tenorio. A revengeful spirit may have dictated the charge of bigamy brought against him by William of Orange; and the story of the bastards born to him in England while Queen Mary was besieging heaven for the fulfilment of her hopes may be mere scandal. His supposed personal intrigue with the Princess of Eboli has been shown by recent researches (noted at the time in these columns) to be a fiction; and we cannot suppose M. Forneron serious when he all but insinuates that there was something wrong between King Philip and (*horrescimus referentes*) his sister-in-law, our English Elizabeth. But enough remains of well-authenticated infidelities to show that Philip in this respect as greatly resembled his father Charles V. as he differed from him in many others. It is perhaps more of a novelty to find that the servant whose unrelenting cruelty struck even his master as impolitic—the Duke of Alva—was likewise a true Spaniard of his times in his amours. When, nearly sixty years of age, he was starting on his terrible errand for the Netherlands, he was “so much in love with Doña Maria Manrique that he has no hour of repose but when he has seen her, which is as often as possible.”

Our readers will have already perceived that M. Forneron is not one of those historians who scorn the “intimacies” of their study; and, indeed, among the authorities cited by him we are not surprised more than once to come across one often more trustworthy than discreet—the *Sieur de Brantôme*. On this head we must confine ourselves to observing that the genius and learning of Michelet palliate in him indulgence in a tendency which in a lesser writer is apt to offend and finally to disgust. Physiology may be occasionally called in as an aid to historical inquiry; but no reader is bound to submit to a perusal—in a modern tongue too—of the *ordonnances de Monsieur Purgon*. One of the greatest of English scholars said of the greatest of English historians that “a rage for indecency pervades his whole work”; and M. Forneron is welcome to the advantage of a comparison which, from one point of view at least, cannot be said to be out of place.

Though in the rather magniloquent exordium of his preface M. Forneron couples France and Spain as joint apostles and champions of “Latin civilization,” he finds opportunities enough for exhibiting in the course of his narrative a more robust species of sentiment than ethnological affinities usually prove capable of sustaining. A French historian of a period in which the rulers of France cringed before a neighbour whom they could neither wheedle nor thwart may be allowed a few passing reflections on the chances missed by his country in the evil days when all the elements of internal strife combined to weaken and distract it. What a fine opportunity, exclaims M. Forneron, was offered by the jealousies between Lutherans and Calvinists in the Netherlands about the year 1562 for France, “de se rattacher l’Artois et le Hainaut”? And how blind we were, at a still more critical date ten years later (on the eve of the St. Bartholomew), not to understand our complex task, which was briefly this—to “make sure of the goodwill of England, of the alliance of the Lutheran princes of Germany, of the confidence of the French Calvinists, and then to seize the French provinces of the Netherlands, and to partition the others between England and the House of Nassau.” Such patriotic speculations are legitimate, if useless; but we feel bound to protest very strongly against the tone, nothing short of insulting, in which M. Forneron, as if he were composing *chants d’un soldat*, instead of a sober history-book, thinks fit to express his hatred of anything and everything German. On an early page we learn (with qualified satisfaction at the left-handed compliment included in the passage), how, though it was only when seeing them looting St. Quentin that Philip came completely to judge the Germans “in all their moral inferiority,” he had for some time previously been wont to

témoigner l’impression que lui inspirait le contraste entre les êtres grossiers et les Espagnols au milieu desquels il avait été élevé. On ne l’entendait que vanter l’Espagne et les Espagnols : ce n’était point droiture de l’orgueil national, mais simple sentiment de la supériorité de race ; car lorsque qualités, chercher leur estime, comprendre les mérites de cette nation, si différents de ceux des peuples méridionaux. Aussi il devint tout à fait odieux aux Allemands, qui se sentirent méprisés.

It may be a purely historical corroboration of this fine impulse of the Spanish blood that Mary Queen of Scots refused the hand of the unlucky Archduke Charles, inspired by the instinct of delicate and noble descent with disgust (imparted at secondhand) *con hombre nacido en Alemania*. But it is as futile in one sense to depreciate the German ideal of chivalry as it is in another to sneer at the ponderousness of German wit, if the reason for all this causticity appears on the surface. By way of additional insult, M. Forneron, in general so far as we have observed a correct writer, blunders with contemptuous indifference so soon as he crosses the Rhine. It is possibly a *façon de parler* (though a misleading one) to count the prosperity of the “signiory of Embden” among the “riches of the Netherlands.” It is certainly a mere calling of names to designate the mother of Don John of Austria

as a “*créature vulgaire*,” though Motley went a step further in turning her into a washerwoman. But no fiction can prop up the discovery of an Elector of Bavaria more than half a century before the creation of a Bavarian electorate, or explain the description of Maurice of Saxony (the father of “*cette Allemande difforme*” William of Orange’s second wife) as the “*premier champion de la Réforme*”!

In general, however, as we have said, M. Forneron creates the impression of a writer careful of his facts, and we have no disposition to dwell upon one or two other details which we had noted as questionable. His style is terse and incisive, and the arrangement of his book is at least lucid, though at times as abrupt in its transitions from subject to subject as were the piles of State papers through which King Philip imperturbably plodded in the *Escorial*. No section of the two volumes before us—unless it be the striking one on the Inquisition in Spain under Philip—sheds any very great amount of new light on the story of the reign; but they are certainly successful in giving additional vividness to many of the strange episodes of which they treat, and of which poetry and fiction themselves seem incapable of heightening the pathos or the horror. Such is notably the case with the story of Philip’s English consort, the sole happiness of whose life might almost be said to have consisted in its last illusion. M. Forneron has not, we think, misread her character, in which there was assuredly an element of the heroic, not the less so because in her circumstances gave a fanatical turn to her inborn Tudor self-will. The opposition of the Commons hastened her declaration of readiness to marry Philip; and neither the caution of the Emperor nor the apathy of the Pope could prevent her from carrying out her great task of reconciliation with Rome. As she stood firm against the attempt of Wyatt (surely, by the way, it is an exaggeration to say of him that, had he succeeded, history would count few names as illustrious as his!), so her persistence broke through the nets of the intrigues of Noailles. On the authority of Granvelle these intrigues are stated by M. Forneron to have included a device which savours rather of the court of another Mary—the introduction among the Queen’s suite of an irresistible Neapolitan, whom, however, the Spanish ambassador contrived to have clapped in prison before he had obtained an interview; whereupon the Italian, a very determined and objectionable personage, believing himself perfectly sure of victory, refused to quit the country, when he was offered his liberty. The connexion between the sinking of Queen Mary’s hopes and the resumption of the persecutions in the summer of 1555, noted by Burnet and insisted on by Mr. Froude, cannot, we suppose, be called into question; but, though Mr. Froude is doubtless right in saying that Bishop Bonner neither was, nor deserved to be, singled out for admonition as to want of energy, M. Forneron has assuredly no warrant for attributing the revival of the persecutions to his influence.

The women, however, whom Philip married from motives of policy, or whom he made the playthings of an hour, were not those who exercised a real influence upon him and his actions. As such, M. Forneron justly recognizes the two Queens, Elizabeth of England and Catharine of France, different from one another in many respects, but alike in the youthful experience of humiliations which had extinguished in them all sense of pity for the humiliations they were to inflict in their turn. The most critical stages in the relations between Philip and Elizabeth it remains for M. Forneron’s future volumes to narrate, but of Catharine de’ Medici, her character and her policy, his present account is remarkably lucid and instructive. Though her policy had no ideal, it had a purpose; and the tenacity of her self-confidence is not less striking than is her cruel, and at times blind, recklessness in the choice of means. As her affection for her offspring was certainly one of the redeeming features in her character, it is not perhaps wonderful that she should have flattered herself with the assurance that she would rule Philip of Spain by means of the child of fourteen, whom she delivered over into the bonds of that Spanish etiquette to which Elizabeth of Valois was almost literally to fall a victim. So far as the relations between France and Spain were concerned the experiment had no material results; but a few years later Catharine was busy, with the aid of the amiable Spanish Queen her daughter, in scheming for the marriage of the sickly Don Carlos—a boy of sixteen—to her second daughter, Margaret—a child of eight. It was the radically unprincipled nature of Catharine’s policy which, after it had closely knit the bonds of friendship between Spain and the chief objects of her jealous fears, the Guises (towards whom, as M. Forneron shows, Philip’s attitude had at first been hostile), led her into the greatest blunder as well as crime of her career, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The account which M. Forneron gives of the origin of the massacre agrees with that now usually accepted as correct; but he shows with special force how not even the Papal Nuncio at Paris was deceived as to the real intentions of the authors of the crime—Catharine and Anjou. “The Pope,” he confidentially observed to the Spanish Ambassador, “has had processions held in honour of what has happened to the Admiral and his adherents, which amazes me; for the rest, it is partly my own fault; for at first I imagined, on seeing the killing of these Huguenots, that the object was to serve the interests of religion; but I have since perceived that the purpose simply was to get rid of inconvenient rivals and to recover a firm seat in the saddle without an adversary remaining in the realm. Of this I have sent tardy information.” As for Philip, he thoroughly agreed with his ambassador that the indignation excited in England by the massacre furnished an excellent opportunity for creating an embroglio between that country and France;

but to Cúñiga's further advice that this quarrel should be further used for a reconciliation between Spain and England he refused to listen. And yet it was only recently that Elizabeth had courteously proposed to accept the voluntary transfer of Flushing into her hands, in order, if this should be to the advantage and the liking of the King of Spain, to restore it to the Duke of Alva!

Those who like to compare other accounts with the exciting narrative of Mr. Motley will find it worth their while to read M. Forneron's account of those passages in the great insurrection which connect themselves more immediately with his theme. The primary responsibility for the most sustained excesses of which fanatical obstinacy has ever been guilty is clearly brought home to Alva, the curious story of whose disgrace follows the recital of his misdeeds as a peculiar epilogue. But most readers are so likely to prefer ampler previous relations of the Dutch wars, as indeed of most of the conflicts in arms narrated in these volumes, that they will probably turn with special interest to the chapter both a long and a full one—in which M. Forneron describes the internal condition of Spain, the manners of its inhabitants, and the religious ideas prevalent among them in the reign of Philip II. The picture here given is evidently no hasty copy, but the result of careful and thoughtful study. Of special interest is the sketch of the relations between that thoroughly popular institution, the Inquisition, and the King. It will doubtless be news to some readers that one of the persecutions conducted by the former, and permitted by the latter, was that of the Order of Jesus. Though there are reasons which make it unlikely that the whole truth concerning this strange struggle will ever be laid bare, M. Forneron has made its origin and significance sufficiently clear. The Spanish Inquisition was and is justly regarded as the typical institution of Philip's reign—the Spanish Inquisition, we say, which (as M. Forneron elsewhere points out) was something very different from what had existed of the institution in the Netherlands for more than a generation before Philip. And his most recent historian scarcely says too much when he observes that "Philip's predilection for this instalment of dominion cost him the Netherlands and his chances of France, and dragged him into wars which exhausted the strength of Spain."

HARRY JOSCELYN.*

THE historical or mythical personage who pronounced himself *supra grammaticam* had achieved or attained a position beyond the reach of examiners, if examiners had then existed; and the author of *The Chronicles of Carlingford* can afford in like manner, if it so please her, to dispense with the customary rules of the novelist's craft in perfect indifference to reviewers and their estimate of "marks." Mrs. Oliphant's readers know what is in store for them when they open her volumes, and Harry Joscelyn will not disappoint them. They expect domestic interiors, scenes of middle-class life, and personal portraiture drawn with an artist's eye, but not with an artist's tenderness; they know that they will be amused if they can shield themselves behind the triple of an unsympathizing cynicism, and somewhat pained by a sense of the littleness of life if they cannot. Occasionally they will be allowed a little relief in the exhibition of some character marked by harmless good-nature or simple humour; but no relaxation of this kind has been conceded to them in *Harry Joscelyn*, or, if allowed for a time, it has been suddenly and coldly withdrawn. Mrs. Oliphant presents in these volumes a succession of studies, worked out with great care and evidencing her own peculiar skill; while, having so done her part, she has left them to come together anyhow, and to frame themselves into some sort of combination or consequence which we are sure that she will not expect us to describe as a plot. In our own interest as critics, and in that of other readers, we are bound to warn the increasing multitude of candidates for the novelist's fame that, until they have reached Mrs. Oliphant's excellences, they must not shelter themselves behind her example as an excuse for their defects.

Harry Joscelyn is a younger son who, in the first volume, runs away from home, in consequence of his treatment by an overbearing father; in the second, finds work abroad, and marries the daughter of his employer; and, in the third, is discovered and brought back, after ten years' absence, by his youngest sister, to inherit a fortune bequeathed to him by a deceased great-uncle; after which everybody is reconciled and lives happy always after, chiefly in Westmoreland among the "Fells." This is the whole story, its course and close being obvious from its commencement; and, in itself, is about as simple a drama as could well be imagined. With little more care than would be required to correct the numerous and strange printer's errors with which the book abounds, a reasonable construction might easily have been devised for the materials of the story.

"Uncle Henry" or Mr. Henry Joscelyn, is, as we have said, the great-uncle of the hero; and "had died," as was to be expected, "not very long before" the opening of the third volume, "leaving behind him only an old will, in which everything was left to Harry." There were "executors," of course; and mysteriously, having regard to the nature of the bequest, "trustees" also, which may perhaps be accounted for by the "custom of the

province of York"; but, as Uncle Henry had neither wife nor child, the question whether his death occurred before or after the 31st of December, 1856, does not arise, and the York custom can help us no further. Whether Harry was dead or not was uncertain; the executors advertised for him, and he did not answer; "the family generally had accepted this as a proof that Harry was dead"; but, although "the family generally" were keen on Uncle Henry's money, the executors were cautious, "so that the division and distribution of Uncle Henry's funds had been postponed." The account expressly given of the will, in which no mention is made of Harry's brothers and sisters, is entirely consistent with the earlier circumstances of the story; and the bequest to Harry had thus become, in the event of his having predeceased the testator, a lapsed legacy, with an intestacy as the consequent result. What the executors and "the family generally"—i.e. Harry's brothers and sisters—can have had to do with each other under these conditions, in the very vigorous and demonstrative presence of Ralph Joscelyn, Harry's father, and the sole heir to his uncle's real and personal estate, Mrs. Oliphant has not thought proper to explain, while she has found in the family eagerness for "the division and distribution of the funds" material for some very good work in her own especial line.

When Harry Joscelyn ran away from his father's house, he had at first tried his fortune with Uncle Henry; but, finding that a couple of ten-pound notes represented all that was to be obtained in that quarter, he had determined to seek his fortune abroad, and had turned up by a mere accident at Leghorn. Immediately on landing he had shouted, in a deep English voice, "Let go that girl," and had knocked down a sailor for not "letting go." It proved next morning that the girl was the English Vice-Consul's daughter, and he was thus naturally invited to lunch at the Consulate, and appointed confidential clerk to the Vice-Consul, in whose house he is found living with a wife and four children at the end of the second volume. He had taken his passage in a false name, borrowed from a "hind" of his uncle, one Isaac Oliver, and as Mr. Bonamy, the Vice-Consul, did not know who he was, or where he came from, no difficulty worth mentioning arose when his signature in the marriage register appeared as "Harry Joscelyn Isaac Oliver," although in the third volume certain complications result from the circumstance. Meanwhile, he is safely housed and provided for while the ten years elapse which are necessary to allow the little sister, who as a child at school had scarcely seen Harry, to grow up and so to fulfil her destiny of finding him and bringing him home. "But Mrs. Joscelyn shook her head. She saw the practical difficulties here. Lydia, indeed, had as little prospect of going abroad as any girl could have." For the solution of these difficulties, and generally for the purpose of hooking on the third volume to the second, Mrs. Oliphant has introduced a contrivance consisting of three wooden figures, of which the first comes on the stage as "a new cousin," followed in due time by the other two, a decrepit and drivelling old baronet with his sentimental wife, "Cousin Lionel's" father and mother, in whose society Lydia goes to Italy, to Leghorn, to the Consulate there, and, we are sorry to add, not to bed for two whole nights in succession. The earlier of these vigils she passed in making sure that she had "found Harry"; the later in making sure of a more personal capture in "Cousin Lionel." When at length the "little Liddy" has conveyed the prodigal in safety to the small Westmoreland station, the consistency of probabilities makes it perfectly natural that Rita, otherwise Mrs. Harry, with Benedetta, the nurse, and Paolo, the interpreter, whom the travellers had left on the quay at Leghorn, should alight from the same train. They may easily be supposed to have come over in a balloon; "my father will not find out till Sunday, that is to-morrow, and he will have my telegram first. I said I was going to the villa to the children. There is no harm done." Mr. Bonamy, it should be mentioned, had been possessed throughout Rita's whole life with one fixed idea, that under no circumstances whatever must his daughter go to England, where her delicate Italian mother had died shortly after her birth. But "Rita turned out to be right, as she so often was"; so, at least, Mrs. Oliphant says. Mrs. Harry had deceived and disobeyed both her father and her husband; but, as "no harm was done," we can only infer that here, as in the course of the story generally, the relations between causes and effects had become a little mixed. As long, however, as Mrs. Oliphant continues to draw pictures of life such as that of the family at the White House, she may perhaps venture to frame them in plots modelled from the *Family Herald*, to borrow her minor characters from a Punch and Judy box, or to place her hero for temporary hiding in the moon.

The motive of *Harry Joscelyn* is the exhibition of opposite types of character as combined or separately reproduced in members of the same family. The son of the "Northern Farmer, new style," has "married a bad un" in the "parson's lass," and the old poetic sentiment of strength and tenderness in union, with all its imagery of the oak and the ivy, the elm and the vine, and what not, stands translated into the farmhouse prose of five-and-thirty years afterwards. Ralph Joscelyn, the yeoman farmer, represents an ancient family of fallen fortunes still holding their ruined "Tower" with its immediately adjoining land. Lydia Brotherton, the almost portionless daughter of a curate of whose family an unknown baronet is the head, brings to the "White House" with her girlish beauty and grace the element which in the early years of the present century was described by the epithet "genteel," and which, by its aptitude in middle

* *Harry Joscelyn*. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1881.

life to degenerate into feebleness and "fuss," has tended to bring the complimentary adjective of Hanoverian society into its present contempt. For the convenience and consistency of the story a similar marriage had been introduced two generations earlier; and the neat, precise, self-indulgent old bachelor, Uncle Henry, is meant to stand in contrast with his coarse and overbearing nephew, and in somewhat of sympathy with the milder, and anything but independent, nature of Harry, who can work well and faithfully when he is well cared for, but who has no notion of standing alone. The coarser grain of Ralph Joscelyn reappears in two married sons, hard, vulgar, money-loving and money-making, who stand rather in the background, but are not without effect in the picture. They have nothing "of mother in them"; and the timid nervous woman regards them with a silent and bewildered wonder that they can really be her own "boys" at all. But the central figure in the group is that of Joan, the eldest daughter; and upon her Mrs. Oliphant has bestowed great pains with singular success. She has nothing of the heroine about her, either in her physical or mental characteristics; she is simply a notable housewife, plain, homely, and thirty, consigned by the general consent of the household to the limbo of old maidhood, and so honestly accepting the condition that she does not know what to think of it, and is more amused than elated, when the thriving and business-like Philip Selby, half engineer and half farmer, makes his straightforward offer of a home. Joan is as graphically described as the well-to-do childless mistress in her own house as when she is doing more and better work than any servant in her father's; and the strength of Ralph's nature, even to the outbreaks of his domineering temper, which appear from time to time in Joan's household management, and half frighten Philip Selby from his quest, is thoroughly tempered by the pervading gentleness which she has inherited from her mother, like whom, too, she discovers with some perplexity that she is capable, when her feelings are moved, of herself "making a fuss." In Lydia, the younger daughter, who is apparently meant to exhibit the complementary character of the mother's grace and sweetness, strengthened by the father's energy, we doubt whether the author has been as entirely successful. Liddy's performance does not come up to the level of her rather boastful promise, and she loses her head for a time in what should have been the crisis of her effort, after a fashion for which we can find no excuse in any agitation or conflict of feeling arising from another source. The embryo baronet is too evidently wooden, and Liddy's management of her affairs with him too calmly practical, for any allowances which might otherwise be made for such a disturbing influence. Mr. Bonamy and Rita, though they occupy a good deal of space, in the second volume especially, are characters subordinate to the main current of the story, and of them it need only be said that they are sketched gracefully and, except only in the instances already mentioned, without much exaggeration. Of the amiable little Italian, Paolo, we had fully intended to say a good word, but as we read steadily onward we found him a bore, and reluctantly abandoned the design.

In the domestic utterances of an uneducated and angry farmer a good deal may necessarily be left to the reader's imagination; and the Scotchman who gave the brief report of such a manner of discourse by saying that the gentleman "stood in the middle of the road and swore at lairge," should have provided our lady novelists with a very convenient formula. The perpetual reiteration of the words "dashed" and "blanked," which Mrs. Oliphant has substituted for it, is not convenient, and is more than a little wearisome. A more careful attention to the minor details of style and construction would have made *Harry Joscelyn* altogether pleasant reading; and we trust that the author will not grudge the needful labour when she writes her next story.

BUDGE'S HISTORY OF ESARHADDON.*

ALL genuine historical records have their value, and no history, be it ever so wearisome, is wholly lacking in interest. Still it is useless to speak of all history as if it had an equal value, or to represent that of the Eastern world generally as repaying the toil of the student not less liberally than the history of the West. The attempt to claim the same importance for the one as for the other has led the students of European history to regard with undue suspicion the readings which are from time to time laid before them from the annals of the great empires of the Eastern world. For the injustice which may thus have been done to them Assyriologists and Egyptologists have partly to blame themselves. It can scarcely be said that they have in all cases observed the laws of proportion in their work, that they have drawn with sufficient clearness the line which separates legitimate inference from vague conjecture, or even that they have realized for themselves and conscientiously discharged the duties of the historian. Students who were reaping the rich harvest presented in the historical literature of Greece or Rome or England were not much impressed by the researches which revealed to Baron Bunsen the era of the polarization of religious consciousness in the primary deposit of Sinism; nor were they much attracted by a chronology which might be taken to pieces at the will of the manipulator and which assigned different dates

and different sequences, not only to individual kings, but to whole dynasties. The extremely hard blows dealt out against Orientalists by Sir Cornewall Lewis are perhaps not likely to be dealt out again, for the simple reason that even in Assyrian and Egyptian history there is a certain amount of contemporary narrative, and that the restorers of that history have for the most part reached this later and surer ground.

But the need of caution has not yet passed away; and without going further the title-page of Mr. Budge's volume seems to justify the remark. Of the objections brought against Canon Rawlinson's Assyrian and Babylonian histories, one of the strongest was that they were in great part the result of assumptions or ingenious conjectures or inferences from perilously slender premises. The date of a monarch who had been dead for perhaps a thousand years was determined by the words of a later sovereign, although the proof of contemporary registration for the vast interval between them was seemingly altogether lacking; and even of the best known kings our knowledge came apparently rather from their successors than from themselves. When, therefore, Mr. Budge describes his book as "*The history of Esarhaddon, son of Sennacherib, King of Assyria, translated from the cuneiform inscriptions upon cylinders and tablets in the British Museum collection*," we are led to expect that the narrative is drawn chiefly from the words of Esarhaddon himself. We cannot say that the expectation is fully realized.

It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the chief occupation of Assyrian despots was that of putting down rebellions and of attacking their neighbours. The results which follow these enterprises are often monotonously alike; and in some cases the greatest of them seem to have made but little impression on those who should have had the best cause to remember them. Assyrian tradition ascribes to Sennacherib the conquest of Egypt; and Egyptian tradition carries Sesostris in an unbroken career of success to the shores of the Caspian. But the traditions of Egypt and Persia know nothing of these victories of Sesostris or Sennacherib, and Sir Cornewall Lewis laid stress on this silence as a strong proof that the supposed facts are really fictions. In so saying he may have carried his doubts too far; but his words must be well weighed if we wish to determine the precise value of the utterances of Assyrian kings when they speak in their own persons and of their own achievements, and not less when they speak of sovereigns as near to them even as their own fathers. Sennacherib, it seems, tells us nothing of the great catastrophe of the Assyrian army recorded in the Books of Kings and of Isaiah; but there is not the least reason for questioning the reality of a great disaster of which he was probably not anxious to perpetuate the memory. The enterprise which thus miscarried was attempted with greater success by his son; but it is strange that of this, the most important event of his reign, our knowledge comes, not from his monuments, but from those of his son and successor Assur-bani-pal. The large and nearly complete cylinder of Esarhaddon, of which Mr. Budge gives a copy transliterated into Roman letters, with a literal English translation, contains no notice of it. The tablet fragments referring to the Egyptian conquests of Esarhaddon, which were assigned by Mr. George Smith to the reign of that sovereign, Mr. Budge attributes to Assur-bani-pal, from whom we have a list of the vassal princes said to have been appointed by Esarhaddon to rule over districts in Egypt. The list may probably be accepted as authentic, and the appearance of several Egyptian names may show the political wisdom of the conqueror. Thus, while Esarhaddon has left us nothing on the subject, we have from his son the definite assertion:—

Esarhaddon, King of the land of Assyria, the father, my begetter, had descended and had marched into the midst of it.

The defeat of Tirhakah, King of the land of Ethiopia, he had established and scattered his forces.

The country of Egypt and the country of Ethiopia he had captured, and to a countless (extent) spoiled (carried off) its spoil.

But, even without this testimony, the records left by Esarhaddon himself furnish abundant proof that his short reign of only thirteen or fourteen years was rich in incidents, if inroads into neighbouring countries and the suppression of constant rebellions, all leading to nothing or to very little, make up a history much worth preserving. That he was admitted to share the sovereignty during the lifetime of his father is proved by the short document which is called the will of Sennacherib; that, as a king, he was more humane, or at least less cruel, than his predecessor, we may fairly gather from the sentences in which he speaks of himself as sparing the lives of conquered chiefs, and in some instances as restoring them to their territories. With this the narrative of the restoration of Manasseh by his order to the throne of Jerusalem, in the Books of Chronicles, is in complete harmony. From the large cylinder we have also a fully detailed narrative of the incidents following the death of Sennacherib, which in the Jewish records are dismissed in a single sentence. The sons who are there said to have escaped into Armenia did not resign their claims to the throne without a struggle; and the account which Esarhaddon gives of the battle of Khamirabbat, which decided the controversy, may, like Assur-bani-pal's narrative of the overthrow of Tirhakah, be regarded as "full and interesting." In other words, we have a few local and personal details. Esarhaddon tells us that his army marched to the field in spite of snow and storm; and Assur-bani-pal tells us that he was walking in Nineveh when the tidings of Tirhakah's invasion and conquest of Egypt made his

* *The History of Esarhaddon.* By Ernest A. Budge, M.R.A.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

heart groan and smote down his liver. In each case the issue is the ruin of the enemy. We rarely, perhaps never, get beyond such pictures; and from Asiatic despots we cannot well expect more. Still, it is something to have an accurate catalogue of their several military enterprises; and from Esarhaddon we have such a catalogue of his wars with Nabu-zir-napisti-esir, a son of Merodach-Baladan, and of his expeditions against the Kings of Sidon, Cundi, and Siza, in which his success may have equalled his heart's desire. In the same way, we are told that he ran through with the sword the whole army of the king of the Gimirrai (Kimmerians or Cimmerians), and trampled upon the necks of the Khilacci (Kilikians, Cilicians). With the troublesome mountaineers of Daba he dealt even more trenchantly. He besieged, captured, and spoiled them, threw them down, dug them up, and burned them with fire. In other records Esarhaddon tells us of his operations against the revolted vassal king of the Arabian Edom, and against two Median chiefs whom he reduced to complete submission. But while he thus put down his enemies abroad, he was not less active at home, and his prisoners were made useful in the great architectural works which he added to the glories of Nineveh. Among these was his palace of alabaster and cedar wood, adorned with bronze statues of colossal size, ranged in avenues, the doors being covered with white silver and shining copper; and to it he added "a great plantation like that of the land of Amanus, which contained all spices and trees."

Mr. Budge's volume thus completes the history of the three consecutive kings, Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, and Assur-bani-pal, the histories of the first and the last of these having been given to the world by Mr. George Smith. That of Esarhaddon unquestionably brings before us a ruler of no small energy, and, so far as we can judge, of discretion equal to his energy; and we may fairly say of all of them, that we take the account which they give us of their own achievements as substantially correct. We may also give each king credit for ordinary veracity when he speaks of the exploits of his father. But there still remains the difficulty that the real historians of the world knew little of them or of their doings. Thus the most important event in the career of Esarhaddon was, by Canon Rawlinson's admission, "concealed from Herodotus, and not known even by Diodorus"; but with the strange method which seems to characterize Assyriology and Egyptology, the Camden Professor adds that "it was no secret to the more learned Greeks, who probably found an account of the expedition in the great work of Berosus." It is to such assertions as these that we may ascribe the suspicions which still remain in the minds of those who do not profess to be Assyriologists and Egyptologists, but whose historical work makes them utterly disinclined to admit conclusions reached in this way. We have now, it is true, the cylinders or tablets of Esarhaddon and his son; but we may be very sure that these were not seen except in the rarest instances either by learned or unlearned Greeks; and we have the fact that, for all that was known to Herodotus, the memory of Esarhaddon's Egyptian conquest had entirely died out in Egypt before his time, and that no mention was made of it in the Persian archives which furnished the materials, we will not say for the history, but for the narrative of Ctesias. It is absurd to suppose that that narrative, however worthless it may be in itself, was the creation of his own brain; on the contrary, it is conclusive proof that the Royal parchments of the Persian kings contained a story very different from that which is told by Assyrian or Egyptian sovereigns. The legitimate conclusion is that we should not be too eager to give credit to either the one or the other. Herodotus lived within two centuries of the date of Esarhaddon's conquest, and he knows nothing of it; Berosus lived some centuries later, and Abydenus, who quotes Berosus, is later still. But, in spite of all drawbacks, researches like those of Mr. Budge and of the late Mr. George Smith are substantial additions to our historical knowledge, and are bringing together a mass of materials which must be subjected to a systematic scrutiny and sifting, when there is reasonable warrant for assuming that the field of Assyrian records has been fully gleaned. When that task is done, it will be found that students whose work has lain in the more fertile region of European history will be ready to weigh the results impartially; but assuredly they will not allow that the credit which may be given to the words of Sennacherib and his successors, when they speak of themselves, can be extended to their opinions about matters which even in their day related to distant ages. They will allow that Esarhaddon may have conquered, or re-conquered, Egypt, although Herodotus knows nothing about it; but they will not allow that the date of Ismidagon can be fixed by citing first the words of Sennacherib, who tells us that he brought back from Babylon some images of gods which had been taken from Tiglathpileser more than four centuries earlier, and secondly the words of Tiglathpileser, who speaks of the rebuilding of a temple which, when taken down sixty years before his own reign, had "lasted 641 years from its foundation by Shamasvul, son of Ismidagon."

We may add that not the least valuable portion of Mr. Budge's volume is the vocabulary, which gives a grammatical analysis of every word in the text, with explanations of the geographical and mythological names occurring in it.

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.*

IN these days of circulating libraries people with most slender purses can secure the perusal of the latest published and most fashionable works. All that is required to obtain access to even the glories of *Endymion* is a little forethought, some patience, and an outlay of twopence. Under these circumstances an apologetic preface to a book should count for a good deal. If a disappointed reader have not disbursed a guinea or a half in buying the work, but has compassed its perusal for twopence, he will charitably allow himself to be disarmed by a very modest apology. The gallant and distinguished gentleman who gives to the world in two imposing volumes the *Story of a Soldier's Life* prefaces his gift with not only a modest apology, but with an assurance that the public is not likely to appreciate it. This is an odd sort of introduction to a work of such magnitude, to the compilation of which much time and labour have been given; but it effectually discounts any disappointment which the purchaser with his guinea, or the hirer with his twopence, may subsequently experience. In our opinion, formed after diligent reading, the author possessed excellent material for the making of one entertaining and instructive volume. As the work now stands it is a difficult point for us, not being behind the scenes, to determine whether he is indebted most to the *Court Circular*, to the *Army and Navy Gazette*, or to some wonderful diary of his own, for the abundance of incongruous detail which goes to make the two volumes.

Our author was born in India on 11th June, 1821. He is silent as to the events of his career up to the age of fifteen months, when the future soldier made his first march. It was about that time apparently that the idea, destined to bear such fruitful consequences long after, of keeping a diary first suggested itself to his mind. When eighteen months old he determined on coming home, and "embarked for England, the other passengers being," &c. It would not have been in keeping with the plan of the work had a correct list been omitted of those passengers who accompanied the writer on his first voyage sixty years ago. On arriving in England our author selected Clifton as his place of residence. Indeed "the next year of my life was passed principally at Clifton." When four years and eleven months old he removed to Coventry, where he was duly initiated into the mysteries of the triennial procession of Lady Godiva. This was "the chief attraction" of the place. The general to be repudiated for the honour of the army the notion that that pruriently inquisitive person known as "Peeping Tom" was a soldier, and finds satisfaction in the tradition that he was in all probability a tailor. But we must take at a jump succeeding years, during which preparatory schools were attended, and concerning which many pious minutiae are recorded, and follow the writer to Sandhurst Military College. There is a spirited and amusing account of the establishment as it was in those days. Times have altered, and the bullying and fagging then in vogue are, we are glad to say, now unknown. The rough boy material remains of course what it was, and the boys who smoked while others watched, and watched while others smuggled spirits into college, who broke out of bounds, and got "chevied" by highly moral, but rather stout and short-winded, sergeants, are many of them fathers of boys who are being "chevied" with equal ill success to-day. We get, as we had a right to expect, a long list of officers, professors, and others whom the author was privileged to see, know, or hear of. One professor of that day, M. Cambier, who had taught French for fifty years, having begun his duties just before or after Waterloo, died not long ago. It must be a great trial to any man to hear his own tongue knocked into a thousand formless shapes by successive scholastic tides for a consecutive half-century.

Cadet Ewart passed well out of Sandhurst, and was specially commended for skill in surveying, an accomplishment which he perfected later on when in the senior department, and which was destined to bring him under very favourable notice in the Crimea. He then joined a regiment. Where else but in this book may we hope to find a "correct card" of regimental sports, some of which took place thirty years ago? Not only this, but the names of the winners, their rank, their corps, are religiously set forth with all circumstance. We know who won the long jumps and the high jumps, who tossed the caber best; and beyond this, we are given the names of those athletes who might have won but did not. Private Kiddie is handed down to the admiration of posterity in that he "gained a large cheese placed at the top of a greased pole." Our author himself was less successful on this occasion. "A most irritating and obstinate donkey entered by myself under the name of 'Lucy Long' for a race where 'officers rode as jockeys, with ladies' bonnets on,' preferred to go exactly in the opposite direction to the goal; and the consequence was that donkey 'Neddy Bray' and donkey 'Jack Slowboy' came in before 'Lucy Long'—thirty years ago. It is, however, when we arrive at reminiscences of war and dinners, that we perceive the full advantages of keeping a compendious diary. After a battle we get a gazette, with roll of killed and wounded; and, that there may be no mistake, a double, and sometimes a treble, list is provided—not, as we perceive, in all cases quite correctly. But, at home as he thoroughly is in a good fight, the general becomes enthusiastic over a good dinner. The bandmen who played

* *The Story of a Soldier's Life; or, Peace, War, and Mutiny.* By Lieut.-General John Alexander Ewart, C.B., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen from 1859 to 1872. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

melodious accompaniments to the popping of champagne corks have mostly laid by their instruments long ago, but the tunes they played are handed down to this generation, and were doubtless sounding in the general's ears, awaking many memories, as he wrote. After the music and champagne the guests are in a mood for mutual admiration, and experience a desire to talk; and some pages of one volume are devoted to their after-dinner orations, the "hear, hear" and "cheers" being duly entered.

There is interesting and amusing matter in the chapters treating of the Crimea and of the struggle which has long been called *par excellence*, as distinct from all other British experiences, "the Mutiny." It seems strange that in the former campaign Captain Ewart (as he then was) should have been taken from his regiment to occupy so prominent a position in the Quartermaster-General's department as the sole officer charged with surveying. No pretence is made of giving a consecutive narrative of the war, in which from first to last, as a staff and then as a regimental field officer, the author was usefully engaged in various capacities and in all most honourably distinguished. He describes well and clearly the operations in which he had a personal share. What is especially pleasing—and eminently worthy of respectful commendation—is the manifest desire, shown throughout the book, to do full justice to the merits of others, even when it is clear that the author's own efforts had been by no means too well rewarded. General Ewart's Crimean notes read more like the summary of an intelligent and disinterested spectator than the version of one who took a side in the events treated of. This is, of course, the way to write history, and history is only valuable, because only true, when it is so written; and we have, therefore, to regret that, instead of loading his pages with matter having as little interest for the people of this planet as for the public of the moon, the General has not written at greater length on those affairs of war about which he is so well qualified to pass judgment. The author has a happy knack of showing up, without a tinge of malice or sarcasm, the characteristic qualities of some of the more prominent Crimean leaders. A few touches here and there give us considerable insight into the character of Sir Colin Campbell, who was evidently a person not to be trifled with. Sir George Brown—as fine a soldier in some ways as ever fought—was nevertheless a man of marvellously cramped and narrow views. Nothing aroused the old General's ire so much as when an officer did not keep his hair and whiskers rigidly within prescribed limits. In Turkey, says the author, "we were constantly exposed to all sorts of weather when working at the fortifications, and a beard would have been a great comfort. Sir George Brown would not, however, even hear of a moustache, and ordered some of the officers to clip their whiskers." Later still, when it was manifestly absurd to insist on men shaving, "we were still ordered to keep close shaved, and it was understood that Sir George Brown was furious at the suggestion to allow the infantry a moustache!" It is difficult to have patience with such paltry whims. Many years later than the Crimean time the Commander-in-Chief of one of our Indian Presidencies suddenly ordered his whole army, native and British, to remove their beards, and, in spite of remonstrances from all quarters, insisted on his point. He then referred the matter home, and was informed that the paragraph in the Queen's Regulations relative to shaving did not apply to India; on which every one grew his beard again as fast as he could. As beards had been long worn in India, it would have been only sensible and considerate on the part of the Chief to have referred home in the first instance.

A graceful anecdote is related of General Canrobert. On their way to the Crimea several French generals with a detachment of troops landed at Malta, and during the manoeuvres of some British regiments undertaken at French request, a desire was expressed to see the British formation for resisting cavalry. Squares were at once formed, and General Canrobert rode into one, the men making way for him to pass. As he did so he took off his cocked hat, saying, with a bow, "It is only by permission that a French officer ever enters a British square." At the first meeting of French and English in Turkey, and when there was immense fraternization—especially among Highlanders and Zouaves—the bottle was a never-failing rallying point for both parties; and over the bottle the allies would repeat and repeat the one phrase which conveyed the same meaning to each—*Russes no bon*. Through various mishaps, not reflecting much credit on the intelligence of the home authorities, the author did not obtain all the promotion he merited. He was shortly afterwards, however, called to India, where he took a prominent part in the fighting at Cawnpore and Lucknow, and was severely wounded. The story of the awful *milte* in the Secunder-Bagh is vividly narrated. No officer contributed more by valour and conduct to the successful results, or more richly merited the Victoria Cross.

As regards the General's opinions on military matters, he enters a strong and sensible plea for retention of the power to inflict corporal punishment when an army is in the field before the enemy. He considers, and every captain and subaltern is of his way of thinking, that the pay of regimental officers is altogether insufficient under the *régime*, not only of present prices, but of those which prevailed years ago. The General is satisfied of the wisdom, if not necessity, of permitting officers to effect exchanges. The establishment of six-company depôts is advocated. The short service system is considered to be a "grievous mistake." "Men will not at the age of eighteen give up their trades simply for the purpose of serving a few years in the army, with the knowledge that little is to be gained by their so doing, but, on the contrary, much to be lost. How, too, are regiments ever to be kept up to

their proper strength, or to be really efficient, if just when, after great labour and expense, the recruits have been turned into good soldiers, they are to be discharged?" It will startle short-service advocates not a little to learn that General Ewart proposes as the "best plan" that soldiers should be enlisted for a period of twenty-five years—eighteen to be passed in the regular army, seven in the reserve. It would take too much space to follow his argument. The theory that a good pension will stop much desertion has been often debated. A great majority of those who desert are young soldiers, to whom the distant prospect of pension across a long period of service offers but scant attraction. The advantage of having training schools for boys, as in the navy, is insisted on.

Two hundred pages of vol. ii., which tell at what country seats the gallant veteran is a welcome guest, where he has dined, and whom he met at dinner, what was said or sung after dinner, and what very pretty women he has been fortunate enough to come across at every stage of his varied career, might perhaps have been compressed with advantage. We expected a detailed description of Paris, through which the author passed; but he excuses himself from giving it on the ground that "the French capital is now probably the best-known place in the world."

LIFE OF LORD CLYDE.*

FROM Vimiero, a battle fought in 1808, to a peaceful review of twenty thousand Volunteers on the Brighton Downs in 1862, is no small portion of one Life. It is no exaggeration to say that, with the exception of a few brief intervals, those fifty-four years were passed by Colin Campbell in stirring and eventful service. He was present at the battle of Barrosa, and was wounded at San Sebastian; he had a touch of Walcheren fever; he joined his regiment at the close of the war with America in 1814; he was stationed for seven dull years in the West Indies; he served under Sir Hugh Gough in the expedition to China in 1842 and commanded at Chusan; he was present at the bloody but indecisive battle of Chilianwalla and at the crowning victory of Goojerat in the Sikh war of 1849; how he commanded the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, and how, when chosen as the general equal to the task of putting down the Indian Mutiny, he relieved Lucknow and restored order in Oudh and the Doab of Hindustan, can scarcely be forgotten by a generation which has learnt to look on the Peninsular war as hardly belonging to modern history. It was essentially right that the biography of such a soldier should be written, and few objections can be brought against the manner in which General Shadwell has discharged his task. Himself a soldier of considerable experience, he has been on Sir Colin Campbell's staff in China, the Punjab, and the Crimea; he has been furnished with ample materials in the shape of letters, memoranda, and the recollections of many personal friends and subordinates of the late Commander-in-Chief; and the result is a biography which, if it has too much in Vol. II. of the character of a history of the Sepoy Mutiny, yet brings out without pompous eulogy or unfair detraction all those peculiar characteristics to which Campbell owed his professional success and his well-earned honours. We may add that the style is simple and transparent; we have hardly detected a positive error in any statement of facts or in dates; every engagement of importance is illustrated by a plan, enabling non-military readers to grasp the leading points of attack and defence; the names, rank, honours, and highest positions attained by several of Colin Campbell's trusted comrades and lieutenants are given, with praiseworthy brevity and clearness, in foot-notes; and if General Shadwell does not invite us to discuss involved questions of Anglo-Indian administration, it is simply because the subject of these two volumes was a genuine soldier and little else. Discipline and duty were the watchwords of his whole life. Indirectly the biographer has done a public service by showing to a generation not disinclined to resent wholesome control and authority, that obedience in the lower ranks of the army is an indispensable qualification for ulterior high command. General Shadwell effectively disposes of all idle stories as to Campbell's birth and parentage. His grandfather possessed a small estate in the island of Islay and lost it in the '45. His son, John Mac-liver, married Agnes Campbell, and Colin was one of four children born of this marriage. He received a fair education at the High School at Glasgow and elsewhere, and was introduced to the Duke of York by his maternal uncle, Colonel John Campbell. That young Colin Mac-liver, on obtaining his commission before he was sixteen, was entered in the army list by his mother's name as due to a mere chance remark of the Duke, and to the "canniness" of the uncle aforesaid, who saw that Campbell would sound better at mess than Mac-liver. There is not the least reason to suppose that the straightforward, manly, young lieutenant was at all ashamed of his father's name and trade. We shall leave the various expeditions, sieges, and battles of which these two volumes are mainly made up without any attempt at analysis or abbreviation. We may remark, however, that nearly the whole of the second volume has a much higher claim to be termed a genuine history of the Indian Mutiny than a recent publication of the sort intended to complete Sir John Kaye's unfinished work. We have here no sham heroes and no

* *The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde; Illustrated by Extracts from his Diary and Correspondence.* By Lieut.-General Shadwell, C.B. 2 vols. With Portrait and Maps. Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

attempt to enhance Campbell's reputation at the expense of others. On the other hand, there is an unaccountable deficiency of personal anecdotes. Campbell had not the fervid pen of Charles Napier, or the racy brogue of Sir Hugh Gough; but there was a great deal of individuality in the man, whether at the head of a regiment, a brigade, or an army in the field; he was known to have a hot temper and a rough tongue that never spared incapacity. He had no sympathy with carpet knights, or with men who did not devote themselves heart and soul to the drudgery of barrack life. When roused to anger his remonstrances partook more of the forcible expletives of one of Goring's troopers than of the pious ejaculations of one of Havelock's saints. Some of his best friends on such occasions thought it desirable to keep at a respectful distance, or were glad to shift on others the imperative duty of bearding the old General in his den; and yet this iron will and this rugged demeanour were compatible with the strictest sense of obedience to high civil authority, and with that tenderness and chivalrous deference to the female sex which it is the fashion to characterize as belonging exclusively to the old school. Like most successful commanders, Campbell had attentively studied the feelings and wishes of the private soldier, and was familiar with the humblest regimental duties. It is impossible to doubt that he was devoted to his profession, and yet we are startled to find in his journal and letters repeated evidence of a desire for a quiet life. Once he applied for a civil appointment at Sierra Leone. Again and again his spirit "is broken by disappointment." To him "success or miscarriage in the struggle of professional life have become empty sounds"; he is getting too old for "the amusements and conversation of youths" at mess; he wants to get home from India, "away from the details of military command, of which I have become very tired, and with which, when neglected by those under me, I find I have no longer the temper or patience to bear as I ought"; and much more to the same effect showing that mere ambition had no place in his creed. There was, we fully believe, no humbug in these jottings of his diary. Well-regulated and frugal, he managed to live on his pay and allowances; he never but once in his life put his name to a bill; extravagance at mess he always discouraged by example and precept; and, when higher emoluments and a pension of 2,000*l.* a year might have tempted him to enjoyment and display, his greatest pleasure was to provide for his surviving sister and to make substantial presents to relatives and friends.

It is tolerably clear from his experiences in the Crimea that, at one time, he was for some reason not very favourably viewed in high quarters. It is still a subject for discussion in military circles whether he was not unjustly superseded by the nomination of Sir William Codrington to the chief command. But, in any case, an offer to a general of his capacity and services in the height of the campaign, that he should leave the post of power and danger and take the command of Malta, can only be characterized as a studied insult. No wonder that, after this offer and his supersession, he was only persuaded to return to his post by a few gracious words from the Queen and the Prince Consort. We wish General Shadwell had given us one or two more sayings like the reply to her Majesty "that he would serve under a corporal, if she wished it." It is evident, as Friar Tuck said to the Black Knight after their carouse, that all men have their enemies; for no one not wishing to injure Campbell could have misrepresented his acquirements to Lord Palmerston, who broke out at a dinner-party, on hearing him address a foreigner correctly, "Why, Sir Colin, they told me you could not speak French." It may be remembered that, in the beginning of the war, much stress had been laid by Lord Raglan's friends on his high-bred manners and his ability to converse with St. Arnaud and Canrobert in their own tongue. Possibly it may have been thought unlikely that a raw Highland lad, sent into the army at sixteen, could know anything of any tongue but broad Scotch, or Lord Palmerston may have been purposely deceived. But the very reverse was the truth. Campbell spoke French fluently and with a good accent. General Vinoy became one of his fast friends. He saw much of General Della Marmora, and made some progress in Italian. Spanish, from early opportunity in the Peninsula, he could both read and talk, and he had acquired some knowledge of German besides. It is interesting, too, to find that a soldier, bred almost entirely in the mess-room and the barrack, could find time after the second Sikh war to write to a clerical friend about the Hydaspes and Alexander the Great, his passage of the river and the defeat of Porus. It must be satisfactory to antiquarians to know that Sir Colin thought he had positively identified a large island which deceived the Macedonian into thinking he had reached the left bank of the Indus, and that English soldiers crossed the river on *mussucks* or inflated skins, crossed it as Greeks had two thousand years before. A biographer might be pardoned for making some capital out of this incident; and, like Macaulay on Warren Hastings, who after Nunkoomar's trial, calmly wrote to Dr. Johnson about Jones's Persian grammar and the history and traditions of India, we might wonder how a tough old general of division should think of Porus and Alexander, when he had recently been pursuing Dost Mahomed and the Afghans in headlong rout to the entrance of the Khyber Pass.

It is not altogether surprising that, in spite of his ingrained habits of obedience and discipline, a determined soldier should find himself now and then in opposition to the civil authority. This actually happened to Campbell, first with Lord Dalhousie and

then with Lord Canning. In 1851, after the general pacification of the Punjab, trouble was repeatedly caused by combinations for aggressive purposes amongst the hill tribes. In a correspondence with the local authority at Peshawar and with the Board of Administration at Lahore, Campbell, who commanded at Peshawar, unfortunately allowed his pen to criticize the propriety of these expeditions from a political point of view. Had he confined himself to the amount of supplies or number of forces requisite to storm passes and reach rebellious villages, or to questions of pure strategy, neither the Board nor the Governor-General would have said a word. But he ought to have remembered that the policy or impolicy of a particular expedition is a question entirely for the Governor-General in Council, in communication with his civil and political functionaries. If the Commander-in-Chief has anything to urge for or against this part of the subject, he must urge it as a member of the Supreme Council and not as Head of the army. General Shadwell does not quote the full text of Lord Dalhousie's celebrated letter, pointing out the vital distinction between a political necessity and a strategic movement. But there is no doubt of the soundness of the rule under which the civil department decides on the necessity for an expedition and the military department states the number of troops essential for its success. That Colin Campbell overstepped the limit of his authority, those who have read the whole correspondence can have no doubt. Indeed, his own letter to Sir Charles Napier, who under the strained relations between himself and the Governor-General was not the most judicious of referees, concedes virtually the whole point at issue. It is not for the Horse Guards, or for any commander of division anywhere, to write about the "cruel injustice" of a punitive expedition against marauders which has been determined on by a Minister of State or a Viceroy. It is satisfactory to note that Lord Dalhousie, in a subsequent despatch, recorded his high sense of Campbell's "ability and sterling soldierly qualities"; and doubtless this warning had not lost its effect when, six years afterwards, the highest civil and military authorities advocated diametrically opposite views. The garrison of Lucknow, it will be remembered, was succoured by Outram and Havelock in September 1857, and finally was brought off in safety by Campbell in the November following. The recovery of the city, before which Outram stood at bay for four months, was reserved for operations on a gigantic scale in March 1858. Campbell, after driving out the rebels from Dilkooshar and the Kaiser Bagh, wanted to reorganize the whole province of Oudh and to let Rohilcund alone for the next four or five months. Lord Canning, with sound political instinct, saw clearly that in Oudh, which had only been annexed some fifteen months before the Mutiny, a little more or less of anarchy was comparatively unimportant, while to leave Rohilcund unassailed would be fatal to our name and supremacy in all Upper India. Rohilcund had been under our peaceful sway for more than fifty years. It contained a large portion of well-affected Hindus who looked to us for early countenance and support. In Oudh, Talookdars and soldiers had been all along against us. Then, too, Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund, had been the scene of shameful outrages, and Englishmen had been put to death on a mock trial before a native ex-judge, who at that very time was drawing his pension from the local treasury. For ten months after this tragedy the rebels had held undisturbed possession of this garden of Upper India. We are quite positive that Lord Canning's opinion of the ill effects of delay in the Rohilla quarter was shared by every administrator of experience and by the whole Anglo-Indian community. It is creditable to Campbell that he carried out a policy not his own in a loyal spirit, and though his biographer makes a faint attempt to prove him right, from the trouble experienced in dispersing rebels in the Doab, in Goruckpore, in Behar, and in Oudh itself, Lord Canning here acted just as Wellesley or Dalhousie would have done in his place. Success is the true test, and the result of Lord Canning's views, as carried out by Campbell and his able lieutenants over a very wide field, was the complete pacification of the Bengal Presidency by the beginning of 1859, or in ten months after the recapture of Lucknow.

To a subsequent and a more serious emergency Campbell was fully equal. The English soldiers, who had just quelled one mutiny, were very nearly getting up another of their own. When the Government of India was transferred from the East India Company to the Crown, the soldiers of the former conceived themselves entitled to claim a free discharge or a bounty on re-enlistment. Here was a plain question not confused with politics, and Campbell, who thought the claim just, recommended concession. His opinion was overruled, but ultimately, and in a great measure owing to his tact, judicious management, and the publication of a General Order to the troops, the incipient rebellion was quickly put down. But seven thousand men chose to take their discharge, and we well remember how the mere prospect of a "white mutiny" sent a chill to the hearts of administrators whose calm trust in our political supremacy had not been shaken by the loss of Delhi or by the Massacre of Cawnpore. "One false step," remarks General Shadwell, might have produced fearful consequences; but here Campbell, with his strict notions of obedience and justice, was the very man for the crisis. Any want of firmness or any failure of sympathy on the part of the Head of the army might have dissolved that fabric which revolted Sepoys had only been able to shake.

The biographer does not attempt to fix the exact place which Campbell will eventually occupy in the roll of successful generals, but we may just indicate a few traits to guide others to a

conclusion. He has, obviously, no claim to be compared with men who are strategists by nature and whose earliest campaigns are text-books in the art of war. But he had mastered every professional detail; his regiments and his brigades were drilled to the highest point of efficiency; he managed all his combinations with consummate skill, and when he had to move large bodies of troops from different quarters to converge on a given point, nothing was left to uncertainty or chance. Divisions were not allowed to remain inactive, to wait on each other helplessly, or to arrive just a day too late. Though he was nicknamed "Old *Khabardâr*" (take care), from his reluctance to move until everything was matured, there was no want of dash or spirit when once the moment for decisive action arrived. His victories over a foe flushed with successes and plunder were attended with very moderate loss on our side, and it is wholly impossible to conceive Colin Campbell ever getting himself, or allowing his subordinates to get, into such humiliating and awkward positions as Maiwand or Majuba. In generalship we should, of course, place him far above Lord Lake or Lord Gough, who, like the Ajax of Homer, were mere fighting captains. For politics Colin Campbell, as we have said, had no turn whatever. In all his despatches and private letters to Lord Canning and others there is little to show that anything but the army and its welfare ever occupied his thoughts. Improved administration, the merits of European *versus* native agency, schemes for reconstructing our Civil rule, and for appeasing native disloyalty or discontent, were little or nothing to him. His accomplished subordinate, Lord Sandhurst, who afterwards filled the same post, would at such a time have been ready with copious minutes on finance, Settlements, communications, public works, amnesties, the punishment of rank traitors, the forgiveness of misguided Talookdars, and the rewards for unshaken fidelity. But this is said in no disparagement of a brave, straightforward, and conscientious soldier. We should be inclined to tell young lieutenants studying their profession, that they can learn much about discipline in the barrack and fighting in the field from Colin Campbell's writings; from his excellent account of Chilianwalla, from his recommendation to fire while advancing in line, from his sleepless vigilance in the Crimea, from his management of large masses of soldiers in his last Indian campaign. For such services a peerage and a pension, the thanks of Parliament and the approbation of his Sovereign, were rewards not too great. But there is a more valued lesson to be learned from his character. Rough and rugged in some of its features, it was never sullied by equivocation, self-seeking, or rancour. And if Campbell lacked the eagle glance which took in the Maharratta positions and stormed them at Assaye and Argaum, it is not too much to say that his whole career was ennobled by a simple, fearless, and conscientious discharge of duty to the State and the Sovereign which could hardly have been surpassed by Arthur Wellesley himself.

BENT'S GENOA.*

MR. BENT, already known as the author of a work on the little Republic of San Marino—of which State he has the honour to be a citizen—has now turned to the history of another and a more important Italian Republic—that of Genoa. It is a sufficiently stirring and eventful history, comprising as it does the struggles of the young commonwealth against Northman and Saracen; its fierce strife with and triumph over the sister Republic of Pisa, which was to Genoa what Carthage was to Rome; its equally fierce, but in the long run disastrous, contest with the rising power of Venice; the struggles of Guelfs and Ghibelins, of Adorni and Fregosi, Doria and Fieschi; and, in its declining days, the agony of that terrible Austrian and English siege, the horrors of which have been so powerfully described by Dr. Arnold. At the beginning Mr. Bent gives a list of the authorities whom he has consulted, ranging from the early annalists in Muratori to modern writers such as Sismondi, Vincens, and Calesia. He has not however relied solely on the labours of others, but has himself consulted manuscripts "in archives not generally open to foreigners"; so that his work claims the position of a history written at first hand. It is no blame to Mr. Bent that he should be more at home with Italian authorities than with English ones; still we are surprised to find him unhesitatingly citing the authority of the forged *Ingulf*. That Vincens, writing in 1842, should believe in "*Ingulf*"—whom, by the way, he seems only to have known at secondhand from an eighteenth-century book on *The Origin of Commerce*—was perfectly excusable; but Mr. Bent might be expected to know that historical scholars are now agreed that the history which bears *Ingulf's* name is a fabrication of later date. "What *Ingulf* tells us" about the Genoese ship which took him from Joppa to Brindisi is some evidence that Genoese ships might be found at Joppa at the date of the fabrication, whether that be the thirteenth or the fourteenth century, but proves nothing as to the state of things thirty-five years before the First Crusade. Nor does Mr. Bent's knowledge of French history appear to be deep, at least if we may judge from his speaking of "the saintly Louis of France, more fitted for a convent than a throne." Louis IX. was a pious man—which some people seem to think is the same thing as being a fool—but he was also, as all who have

studied the history of the thirteenth century know, an able prince, who greatly strengthened both the internal and external power of the French monarchy. These however are by-points which do not much affect Mr. Bent's general treatment of the subject. His style is generally pleasant and easy, though it will not bear minute criticism. "That maze of barbarism which was incident on the fall of the Roman Empire" is awkward. "The Crusades played the part of Mount Ararat, from which all the contents of this ark poured forth its treasures to resuscitate the crushed but purified minds of men," is barely intelligible. "The Genoese were content to be tossed to and fro as an apple of discord between the contending armies of Europe, by way of by-play to their more extended field of action," is not much better; and "a tidy little force" is slangy. As Giovanni Battista Verrina presumably addressed his fellow-conspirators in Italian, we shall not hold him responsible for the language Mr. Bent has put into his mouth:—"If we make ourselves the vile instrument of France, we shall act like the D'Oria are doing now with Spain." "Shakespeare's merchant of Genoa, the unfortunate Antonio," is of course a mere slip; but it is odd that the writer should go on to speak of Antonio's losing "his ship, the *Argosy*," as if *Argosy* was the name of an individual vessel. He must have forgotten Shylock's enumeration of Antonio's ventures:—"He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England." We do not wish to pick out more instances for verbal criticism; but we cannot forbear to protest against giving in to the odious practice, the offspring of affectation and laziness, of using French words where English ones would do as well. We admit that there are passages in Mr. Bent's work where the use of a French word can be justified or excused—where it expresses an idea which could not be so well conveyed in English; but *beaux arts*, *sobriquet*, and *cortège* could all have found English equivalents; nor can we see any excuse for the employment of *amour propre* and *par parenthèse* within a single paragraph. "*Recherché* viands" is only permissible to a reporter at a municipal banquet; and *employé* should be left to the assistants in a drapery establishment. Mr. Bent's own pages will supply us with an appropriate rebuke, out of the mouth of a British admiral. As the story is characteristic, we quote it entire, premising that the date is 1814, after the Genoese had risen against the French garrison, and had admitted Lord William Bentinck:—

On the 20th of April, the British fleet, under Vice-Admiral Pellew, entered the port, and a commissary of marines, Giustiniani by name, presented himself to him, and thinking he was Admiral Bentinck, addressed him in courteous French. Forthwith Pellew indignantly responded in Italian, "Who are you? Are you another of those French devils?" "No," replied Giustiniani; "I am a Genoese noble." "Then," answered the British lion, "if you are Italian, why the devil don't you speak your own language?"

From this specimen it may be supposed that Mr. Bent's book is not dull. His method of opening his history errs indeed on the side of the sensational. It is about time that beginnings such as this should be left to the historical novelists, who have the copyright of them:—

Early in the fourteenth century a ship sailed past the city of Genoa on her way to France; on board was an elderly merchant accompanied by two young boys.

One of these boys being Petrarch, this serves as the introduction to a description of Genoa written by Petrarch "full fifty years after this event." From "Genoa in the Olden Time" Mr. Bent passes to "Genoa at the Crusades"—that is to say, from 1096 to 1291—after which he opens the third chapter by asking "Are we to dive into heathen mythology for the origin of the town of Genoa?" and from Petrarch, Doria, and the Crusaders we find ourselves required to take a leap back to "Janus, the great-grandson of Noah," and Janus the heathen god, whose double-headed semblance at this day adorns the gas-lamps of the city; to the Viking Hasting, and his raid upon Liguria; and to "the Saracenic scourge" of the tenth century, "similar in devastation, and eating up all that the Normans had left." We prefer that historians should stick to the old plan of beginning at the beginning, or at any rate in cases where, as in that of Genoa, the beginning is lost in the haze of tradition, at some definite point chosen on intelligible principles. Altogether, the fault of Mr. Bent's book is that of most histories in the "picturesque" style—it fails to give the reader a clear and distinct idea of the course of events. On the other hand, if it has the faults, it has also the merits, of the class to which it belongs, and it gives a good general idea of the part played by Genoa in the history of Italy and of the world.

In the Crusades, with which Mr. Bent opens his narrative, the part taken by the Genoese was especially that of carriers, whether of troops or provisions. Not but that they fought a good deal too, and in the First Crusade they even produced one hero of romance, Guglielmo Embriaco, the *duce ligure* who is immortalized by his appearance in Tasso's poem. True, however, to the practical character of the Genoese, even in poetry Embriaco is a scientific soldier:—

infra i più industri ingegni
Ne' meccanici ordigni, uom senza pari.

In Tasso, too, may be read of the chief triumph of Embriaco's engineering skill, as described by early Genoese historians—his wooden tower on wheels, with its battering-ram and movable bridge, made for the assault of Jerusalem. Appropriately enough, the fame of the Embriaco family was afterwards recognized by their being allowed to retain their private tower in Genoa when all others were lowered by order of the commune. Besides giving

* *Genoa: How the Republic Rose and Fell.* By J. Theodore Bent, B.A., Oxon., Author of "A Freak of Freedom; or, the Republic of S. Marino." With Eighteen Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

an account of the part borne by the Genoese in the Crusades, Mr. Bent also mentions that strange episode of mediæval history, the Child's Crusade, which is connected with Genoa by the fact that one of the child-armies marched to that city to demand transports, and there gradually dispersed. He goes on to say that some of these children embarked at Marseilles, and remarks that the Christians in Palestine were "not over well pleased to receive so juvenile a succour." There is however a story given by Alberic of Trois-Fontaines, but not here mentioned, that the two Marseilles merchants who undertook the transport of the children disposed of them to Saracen slave-merchants—an infamy beyond anything ever laid to the charge of the Genoese, though there is an unpleasant tale of certain Genoese sea-captains who would have abandoned some penniless Christian refugees had not the infidel rulers of Alexandria stepped in to pay the passage-money.

The interest of Genoese history begins with the great struggle between Genoa and Pisa, which was symbolized in the marble image set up in the hall of the Bank of St. George, and in the device stamped once on the seal of the commune, and now upon the cover of Mr. Bent's book—the griffin of Genoa trampling upon the eagle of the Empire and the fox of Pisa. Below was the boastful legend, still to be read in the hall of the Bank, though the marble figures are gone:—

Gryphus ut has angit,
Sic hostes Janua frangit.

The next great rivalry was with Venice, and at one time it seemed as if the griffin was on the point of adding the winged lion of St. Mark to his conquests. Thanks to Byron, all English readers know the famous threat of the victorious Doria that he and his countrymen would bridle the reinless bronze horses on the Piazza of St. Mark—the threat which Byron conceived to be fulfilled by the Austrian domination—

But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled?

As far as he and Genoa were concerned, Doria had better have left his splendid boast unuttered. Not a year later four thousand Genoese soldiers stood, prisoners, naked, and loaded with chains, exposed to the mockery of the Venetians on the Piazza of St. Mark. The account of this struggle between Genoa and Venice is one of the most vivid and interesting bits of the book. The Fieschi Conspiracy of 1547 affords another exciting chapter; and the famous siege of 1800 is told in all its ghastly detail; but Mr. Bent confines himself to description, and does not discuss the moral question raised by Dr. Arnold, who made use of the blockade of Genoa to illustrate his views as to amendments required in the law of nations. Neither does Mr. Bent pass any express condemnation upon the subsequent handing over of Genoa to the King of Sardinia, a point on which Mr. Hunt, in his school history, is as eloquently indignant as his limits will allow. With our present author the humiliation of the Doge of Genoa is compensated by the fact that his homage was paid to the dynasty which was "the hope of the Italian future, to whom Genoa was to become the chief corner-stone."

Before parting company with Mr. Bent, we should observe that he gives the letter recently discovered, addressed by Manuelli Fieschi, notary to the Pope at Avignon, to Edward III. of England, asserting that Edward II. had escaped from Berkely Castle, where he was supposed to have been murdered, and had, after various wanderings, died a hermit in the diocese of Pavia. The details have a suspicious look, more especially the incident of another man's heart having been presented to Queen Isabel as that of her husband, which recalls the ballad of Gayferos and the legend of Geneviève of Brabant, though there a dog's heart or tongue is made to do duty as the substitute. But, whatever we may think of the story, the fact of such a letter having been written at all is highly curious.

For purposes of reference the book would be much improved if it had an index, and if the years were entered in the margin. We must say a word as to the woodcuts, which are much above the average. That of the "Gateway in the Piazza di S. Matteo" is remarkable for the solidity and vigour with which the carvings are represented. Good also is the cut at p. 408 from the "Fresco by Pierino del Vaga in the D'Orta Palace, representing the Triumph of Scipio," which ought, one would think, to have been placed earlier, at p. 376, where Andrea Doria's employment of this painter is spoken of. But the "Façade of the Cathedral," which forms the frontispiece, looks out of perspective, as if it had been taken from a bad photograph. The interest of the monument to William Acton in the Church of the Knights Hospitallers would have been much heightened if Mr. Bent had deciphered the inscription for us. He does give a version in English, but does not help us to make out the abbreviated Latin shown in the drawing. On the whole the cuts are worth looking at, which is by no means always the case in English illustrated books.

TWO BLACK LETTER REPRINTS.*

THESE two books, though alike in reproducing works printed in a Gothic letter, with more or less minuteness of care in detail, are not quite equal in the degree in which they appeal to

the weakness of mere book lovers. Mr. Hope's foolscap quarto, with its paper boards, its uncut edges, and its black and red title, is sufficiently attractive, but it cannot compare with Mr. Blades's book, with its stamped parchment cover, its royal quarto pages of a kind of sublime blotting paper, rather too definitely yellow in tone to suit our taste, but admirable in texture and margin, and its facsimile of the quaint types of the schoolmaster-printer, whoever he was, who ushered the *Book of St. Alban's* originally into being. The difference of elaborateness is not improper, for an incunabula deserves greater splendour of apparel than a mere sixteenth-century book, and Mr. Hope's volume has outward graces quite sufficient to make it a desirable possession.

Both books have plenty of interest, independent of their mere bibliographic attractions, which are considerable. The *Popish Kingdome* exists in but one perfect copy, which the Cambridge Library possesses, and in two imperfect ones, which belong to the Bodleian and to a private collector; but its unicity is by no means its only or its chief charm. It was the work of an industrious poet and man of letters who holds an honourable place among the group of students who took up the tradition of Surrey and Wyatt, and handed it on to their greater successors in the later years of Elizabeth. We cannot agree with Mr. Hope that, "of the minor poets of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there is scarcely one of whom so little is known." On the contrary, Mr. Arber, to whose excellent edition of Googe's minor poems Mr. Hope himself refers, was able to collect a good deal of information about the love affairs and the business affairs of their author. He was a "servant" of Burleigh's, by whom he was charged with missions in Ireland and elsewhere, was supported in his wooing of a fair damsel of Kent, and otherwise countenanced. Burleigh's leaning to the Puritan side may or may not account for Googe having selected the *Popish Kingdome* of Naogeorgus, or Kirchmeyer, to translate, the work being a bitter attack on Romanism. He chose for the purpose the favourite metre of the time, the long, swinging, fourteen-syllable verse, which, with unpardonable slovenliness, some English writers call Alexandrine. It seems to escape these persons that an Alexandrine is not any line longer than ten syllables, but the definite metre of a definite poem, the twelfth-century *Roman d'Alexandre*, and that it would be just as pardonable to call the metre of *Don Juan* a Spenserian stanza as to call the fourteen-syllable verse Alexandrine. However this may be, the metre was, as we have said, a favourite one with the time. It was sometimes printed both then and since in eights and sixes, instead of the continuous fourteen-syllable stretch, and it has the capacities of being doggerel which this subdivision suggests. But at its best it is a metre of considerable merit, and, as used by Googe here when he is at his best, by Warner in *Albion's England*, and by others, it approved itself even before Chapman raised it to its highest possible terms. There is remarkable vigour and art, for instance, in the verses which describe the power of the Mass in the Third Book. Some thirty or forty lines all begin with the word "Mass":—

Massé doth relieue the burnded minde, and sinnes defaceth quight.
Massé pleaseth him that guides the skies, and giues the heauens bright.
Massé pluckes the sinful soules from out the Purgatorie fire,
Massé comforteth th' afflicted sort and makes them to aspire.

So it goes on, with not a little dignity, for several lines, but gradually the tone lowers:—

Massé gets a man a pleasant wife, and gettes the mayde hir mate,
Massé helps the Captaine in the fildes and furthereth debate.

And at the last it drops into the regular polemical satire of the Reformers:—

Massé useth many slouthfull knaues and lubbers for to feede,
Massé brings in dayly gaine, as doth the Sowters arte at neede.

An undignified comparison certainly, but it stops a good deal short of the blasphemous ribaldry too common in similar contexts. Still better is a passage in reference to Our Lady:—

Shee pleaseth God, and with hir childe, in armes continually
Delighteth him, and what she askes, he neuer doth deny.
Shee is the Queene of heauen bright, and with a beck can do
Whatsoeuer shee determinde is, and giues herselfe unto.
Shee is the happier starre on seas, and port of perfit rest,
And surest ancour for to stay the ship in seas opprest.
Shee is the light of all the world, and mother here of grace,
That doth of God forgiuenesse get, and doth our sinnes deface.
Shee keepeth those that worship hir in heart continually,
From handes of euery wicked sprite, and deuils tyranny,
And with hir gowne shee couers Kings, and Popes, and people all,
From wrath of God, and vengeance due, that on their heads would fall.
The gate of heauen eke is shee, and euerlasting life,
The only life of all the worlde, and ende of all our strife.
Shee is the hope of euery man, and chiefe defendresse heere,
Shee shewes us Jesus Christ, when as before hir we appeere.
Shee also in the dreadfull howre of death doth us defende,
Shee blesseth all the life of man, and fortune good doth sende.

The Fourth Book, which deals with festivals and holydays, contains some exceedingly curious and interesting details of sports and pastimes; but, as it has already been reprinted by Mr. Furnivall, it is less novel than the rest of the volume.

The *Book of St. Alban's*, though naturally representing a much ruder condition of literary proficiency, and practically anonymous, is for that reason all the more interesting. In the first place, there is the famous attribution of it to "Dam Julyans Barnes," one of the smallest molehills out of which bibliographical ingenuity and imagination have ever made mountains. The fact is simply this, that one part of the *Book of St. Alban's*, a string of verses on hunting, ends, after the fashion of such things, "explicit Dam Julyans Barnes." This is absolutely all. And to the identity, period, literary proficiency, and social status of the lady thus commemorated in the queer orthography and crabbed type

* *The Popish Kingdome, or reigne of Antichrist*. Written in Latin Verse by Thomas Naogeorgus, and Englished by Barnabe Googe. Edited by E. C. Hope. London: Satchell & Co. 1880.

The Book of St. Alban's. With an Introduction by William Blades. London: Elliot Stock. 1881.

of the *Boke of St. Alban's* there is no clue whatever. The light hearts, however, which out of the enigmatical "Turoldus declinet" of the *Chanson de Roland* have made an Abbot of Peterborough and a Trouvère, Theroulde by name, of whose existence and performances they are quite as certain as of those of Ruteboef or Adenès le Roi, have been fully equal to the occasion. First of all, Dam Julyans has all the three parts of the *Boke of St. Alban's* attributed to her. Then, with the careless generosity usual in such cases, the treatise of "Fishing with an Angle," which Wynkyn de Worde added to the *Boke* later, simply because of its similarity of subject, is also ascribed to her. It then becomes necessary to identify such an important author. The ingenious bibliographer—or rather generations of such, for legends of this kind always grow slowly—discovers that Barnes is a variant of Berners, and imagines that Dame implies nobility. Dam Julyans Barnes becomes Dame Juliana Berners, a lady of a noble house, Prioress of Sopwell, addicted to country sports and the study of the noble science of heraldry, &c. We have a dim notion that somebody or other has written an historical romance with this literary and ecclesiastical Hippolyta for heroine, a romance which certainly cannot be more gratuitous than most of the ordinary literary-history tales about her. It is needless to say that Mr. Blades is not the sort of person to indulge in idle conjectures of this kind. He brushes away all the cobwebs ruthlessly enough, and reduces Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of Sopwell and princess of the chase and the Church, to a possible "Mrs. Barnes" of the early fifteenth century, who perhaps wrote, and perhaps only copied, some couplets on hunting. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*; though, as Dame Juliana never can be said to have had anything but fictitious life, her extinction need not grieve us very sorely.

The *Boke* deserves attention for plenty of other reasons besides this spurious interest. In the first place, it is one of our earliest printed books, and is not the work of any famous press or printer. The schoolmaster of St. Alban's, whoever he was, was a comparatively humble rival or follower of Caxton. He, or some one else not discernible from him, printed eight books at St. Alban's between 1480 and 1486, six of them being theological or scholastic in subject and Latin in language. The seventh was a chronicle slightly enlarged from Caxton, the eighth our *Boke of St. Alban's*. This is probably an exact reproduction of a manuscript. It is true that the subjects of three treatises composing it—hunting, hawking, and heraldry—were more closely connected in that day than they are now; but the spaces are curiously filled up with miscellaneous and irrelevant matter, such as lists of the English counties, short moral verses, &c. Almost all the later manuscripts of the middle ages have this *omnium-gatherum* character running on from one thing to another, with no more warning than an *explicit* and *incipit*, and sometimes with not even these. This is no doubt the real explanation of the fact (to which Mr. Blades draws attention) that so many early printed works are without title-pages. The time-honoured instruction to printers, "follow copy even if it flies out of the window," would here apply, and the printer, finding no regular title in the particular division of a miscellany manuscript which he was reproducing, would not think it necessary to make one. The *Book of St. Alban's*, therefore, plunges in *medias res*, with the greatest calmness, "In so much that gentill men and honest persones haue greets delite in haukyng." It is perhaps worth while as a specimen of the folly of bibliographers to mention that, from the accidental use of "insomuch" at the beginning of both the *Boke* and the *Chronicle of St. Alban's*, it has been inferred that the anonymous schoolmaster-printer's name was "Insomuch." It would follow that Mr. Whereas is the name of one of the most prolific of printers. The Treatise of Hawking is perhaps the most methodical part of the book, and handles the subject gravely, and with not too much conceit, if we except perhaps a queer list at the end of the hawks proper for different estates of men. A peregrine for an earl, a ger-falcon for a king, and so on, are well enough; but an "emperour" is put off with an "egle," or a "bawtere" (vulture), most unhandy fowl one would think for sporting purposes. The Treatise on Hunting, introduced, like the preceding, by a short preface of the printer's, is not in prose, but in verse of strongly alliterative kind. It is not long; and, after the famous "explicit Dam Julyans Barnes in her Boke of Huntynge," the blank leaves are, as has been said, filled with a queer medley of commonplace book-entries. One of these is the often-quoted list of technical terms for different collections of beasts, another the equally often-quoted list of words for carving differing kinds of meat, both flesh and fowl. But the third part (we agree here with Mr. Blades) is perhaps the most interesting. The demonstrations to show that prophets and great religious persons, as well as heroes of old, were gentlemen of coat-armour are extremely curious. Adam bore a spade, which was the first shield in heraldry. There were ten orders of angels wearing coat-armour before Lucifer's revolt. The notion that coat-armour came in at the siege of Troy is dismissed with great contempt. That it came in at the siege of Thebes might be a better and more arguable position; but *Æschylus* was not much read at the time, though the *roman de Thebes* had laid Statius under contribution. The profound faith in the antiquity of a practice in reality dating so few centuries earlier than the writer is noteworthy enough.

We may repeat at the end what we have said at the beginning, that these books are both interesting in themselves and a credit to English book-workmanship in their get-up.

THE CAMP OF REFUGE.*

THIS story, the editor tells us in the introduction, was so popular with a past generation that he has republished it for the benefit of the present one. It seems hardly worth while to have done so; for the story, though it may have been quite up to, or even beyond, the level of historical knowledge expected in such tales a quarter of a century ago, is now far behind the historical primers that are in the hands of all the young people for whom we suppose it is written. The instruction is conveyed after the manner of a certain class of school books in which the most ridiculous mistakes are made in order that the pupil may find out and correct them. This used to be thought the best way of impressing the rules of grammar and spelling on the memory. Nowadays it is condemned as an old-fashioned practice, tending only to a hopeless confusion between right and wrong in the mind of the learner. In the present instance the editor, who is one of the authors of the *Fenland, Past and Present*, has added foot-notes at the bottom of each page, correcting the mistakes in the text. He has had so much to do that the notes would make quite a little volume if they were published separately. Now the young reader is enlightened as to the very uncertain number of States in the so-called Saxon Heptarchy, and again is told that Ely is simply the isle of eels, and has nothing at all to do with "Helig, or Elig," the British name for a willow which the author tries to make out as the derivation. Here and there the editor enters a protest against the deeds assigned to Hereward, the hero of the tale, pointing out that he was not at all of a nature to make a certain pious pilgrimage he is credited with; that it was not he, but a burgher of Dover, who resisted the aggressions of Eustace of Boulogne; and that Hereward had, in all probability, a wife alive in the Netherlands at the time when his heroic deeds were supposed to be inspired by the love of Alfrude, as the author writes Ælfryth. Here and there, too, the editor makes the writer a medium for airing his own opinions on matters social and political, as when, to an exhortation on the blessings of unity in the text, he adds:—

This patriotic and eloquent appeal may be very appropriately reiterated at the present day. The sentiment which it inculcates is as essential now as it was when the Saxons were defending the "Camp of Refuge." Is it not consolidation rather than extension which is needed for the well-being of our country? Will not the future greatness of our nation hinge upon the development of the highest principles of humanity—the unity, loyalty, and virtue of its peoples?

And again, when touching on William the Conqueror's game laws—especially the decree that none "should kill so much as a hare," whereat the "rich men bemoaned and the poor men shuddered"—the author complains that "Old England will never be England until these unSaxon laws be gone from us"; the editor adds, "Will what remains of the unSaxon laws yet be repealed or modified in the interest of declining agriculture?"

The outline of the tale is soon given. Hereward and Alfrude are the hero and heroine, but the love passages of another couple flit across the pages, and are at last brought to a happy ending. They are Mildred, the handmaid of Alfrude, and Elfric, a young Englishman, whose exploits come very near rivaling those of Hereward. With one of these feats the story begins. In the first chapter the youth is introduced hastening across the fen country, to bear a warning to the monks of Spalding of an attack directed against them by the Normans under Ivo Taillebois. His warning was scouted, and in the night the attack was made. The inmates—all that were left of them alive—were turned out, and the house taken possession of by the invaders. Elfric, who manages to escape alive, though in sounding the alarm-horn to call the men of Spalding town to the rescue he had made himself a special object of hatred to the Normans, hurries off over the fens again to Ely, to carry thither the news of the loss of the succursal cell of Spalding. He is greeted there with a warmth that in some sort makes amends for the cold reception which he met with on his former errand; and, in recognition of the valour, common sense, and presence of mind which he has already given proofs of, he is chosen as the messenger who shall go over the sea to bring Hereward home to head the little band of patriots who pride themselves on being the only true Englishmen left in England. Here the romantic element first blends in with the story. In defiance of the legend which makes Hereward out the husband of Torfrida, he is represented as being hopelessly in love with Alfrude, heiress of Eye, whose hand and land Ivo Taillebois is intriguing to secure for his brother. Elfric disguises himself as a gleeman, makes his way into the Norman's hall through the waiting-maid, gains the ear of the lady, and gets from her a ring which is to be the talisman to bring Hereward back as her accepted lover. Elfric had not miscalculated its power. Hereward, lured by the love-token, comes back to the help of his countrymen, and arrives at Ely on the eve of Christmas Day. He takes his own manor-house of Brunn by surprise, driving out of it the Normans who are in possession, marries Alfrude, and is then knighted by his uncle, Abbot Brand of Peterborough, defeats the Normans at Cambridge, repels an attack of Ivo Taillebois upon Brunn, and is finally surrounded by the Normans in great force in the camp at Ely. Here provisions grow scarce, and the monks grow discontented, and begin to grumble

* *The Camp of Refuge: a Tale of the Conquest of the Isle of Ely.* Edited, with Notes and Appendix, by Samuel H. Miller, F.R.S. Wilsch: Leach and Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

and plot. Hereward has with him a certain Italian called Girolamo, from Salerno, by whose counsel he is mainly guided. He is, in fact, the mainstay of the whole party, for he is crafty and knowing, and can invent schemes to strike terror to the heart of the enemy, which prove more effectual in discomfiting them than the brute force of the dauntless, but rather thick-witted company with whom he has cast in his lot. More especially has Girolamo shown himself invaluable in counteracting the arts of a powerful witch in the Norman camp by setting fire to the fens, and thus burning her and her supporters to death before they can escape. The Salernitan had also driven the abbot of William's appointment and his monks out of Crowland. Taking with him Elfrie and a few picked men, he hid with them in the cellars, and then, counterfeiting the devils with which tradition had peopled the fenland, scared the newcomers so thoroughly that they ran away, Girolamo's power of raising unearthly flames and smells being the principal agents in the success of the undertaking. His uncanny knowledge makes the monks eye him askance, and at length openly accuse him of witchcraft, and declare that his presence among them will in the end bring ruin to the cause, and in the meantime has brought short commons to the kitchen. To silence their grumbling, Hereward sets out on a raid to bring food and drink to the abbey by plundering Dereham and the adjacent country. Surprised on their return by a body of Normans, they have a hard fight to keep their booty, and in the fray Girolamo is slain. When the news reaches the abbey the discontented party within its walls raise an alarm that Hereward himself is slain, and they make common cause with the Normans, who, aided by the traitors, enter and finally take possession of the camp. The story ends with Hereward quietly settling down on his own lands, and ending his days there in peace and quietness.

Thus it will be seen that the *Camp of Refuge* does not claim to interest the reader by startling incidents or active action, but by painstaking delineation of the fen country and the manners of the fen men. The descriptions of this country are remarkably good, and show an intimate acquaintance with the district. The only poetical license the author has allowed himself is making his characters pass over vast tracts of country with a speed more consistent with seven-league boots than fen-poles. The *Camp of Refuge* has had the advantage of being edited by Mr. Miller, one of the authors of the *Fenland, Past and Present*, who points out in his notes any difference between the text of the story and the authentic history of the period. Here and there he finds the author tripping in the etymology of a name or the distance from one place to another. The oddest mistake he has fallen into is asserting that the one mark of gold, which was William's certainly rather shabby offering to St. Etheldreda's shrine at Ely, "had been in the hands of the Jews, and clipped." The only ground for this statement is that one mark of the seven hundred that William extorted from the monastery was of light weight. But as this and any other poetical license are pointed out by the editor on the same page, it is almost like reading the book with one eye and the review of it with the other.

It is a little difficult to make out by whom the story is supposed to have been written, and the style varies so frequently that it gives us no clue towards finding out. The first two chapters are in a mere ordinary narrative style, with no attempts at archaisms of style or manners. But by the third chapter the narrator declares himself to be a monk of Ely, living in the time of Henry II. This chapter, however, forms a sort of interlude, and contains nothing but a description of Ely, so that it may be intended that it alone came from the monk's pen. It would hardly have been consistent for one of the regular clergy to represent the members of his order as so greedy, slothful, and treacherous as throughout they are made to appear. The eating and drinking of the monks plays a great part in the story, and the author tells with special relish of the great plenty of fish, flesh, and fowl, and good red wine from across the sea, that loaded the board of the Abbot of Ely when the abbey feasted on St. Edmund's Day. He also dwells at length on the extent and abundance of the fisheries attached to the abbey, which were celebrated, as we see from the passage here quoted, for their eels:—

Were there in the world such eels and eel-pouts as were taken in the Ouse and the Cam close under the walls of the abbey? Three thousand eels, by ancient compact, do the monks of Rumsey pay every Lent unto the monks of Peterborough, for leave to quarry stone in a quarry appertaining to Peterborough Abbey; but the house of Ely might have paid ten times three thousand eels, and not have missed them, so plenty were there, and eke so good! The fame of these eels was known in far countries; be sure they were not wanting on this Saint Edmund's day.

The various sorts of game to be found in the marshes round are described with as much gusto as the fish, so that the account of the good cheer eaten at the abbey on this St. Edmund's Day fills up entirely a rather wearisome chapter. No doubt this minuteness of detail is gone into to give colour to the notion that the book is the work of a monkish chronicler. We think the story would have been better if this idea had never been suggested, for it probably is the cause of the introduction of occasional obsolete words or obsolete expressions, that are not at all in harmony with the rest of the text. Thus a cook is always a "coquinarius," a clever maid is a "featy handmaiden," a given time is indicated as "about the space it takes to say a score of aves." We find "maugre" written in spite of, "castigate" for chastise, "pecunia" for money, and such like. The pages are sprinkled with "I wiss," "withal," "forsooth," "hight," "wight," "twain," "beshrew you," and some other of those

words and phrases well known to authors of historical tales as part of the properties required for the proper mounting of a mediæval tale. Such forms are most inconsistent with the general style of the book, where we find some of the latest coined English. Surely it is somewhat inconsistent to call a gleeman's movements "gyrations," to talk of "fustigating" an "iracund" abbot, and to make a monk of the time of Henry II. write of "our Saxon hagiology," as though the phrase was one commonly understood in his day. Nor can we understand on any grounds why, when the Ouse, the Mersey, the Cam, and many other rivers are spoken of by their names in the forms still commonly in use, the Thames should be called "Thamesis," and Holland, in Lincoln, "Hollandia." Still, there is no doubt the *Camp of Refuge* is very much better than the general run of historical tales, and there is a good deal to be learnt from it of the domestic life in the great monasteries. The topography is generally correct; any slips that the author has made, such as placing Norwich at the mouth of the Yare, or describing Crowland Abbey as being built on piles, are corrected by the editor in the notes. One very trifling point we notice where the editor himself is at fault; in a certain list of names which the author gives as real places, and the editor pronounces in a note to be fictitious. Garboldesham, at any rate, if not all the others, is a well-known place to this day, not far from Thetford. While the editor takes pains to correct the text on so many points connected with early English history, we wonder why he passes unnoticed the confusion between serfs and churls which runs through the book, the author evidently taking them for one and the same class of persons. It might also be added in yet another note that the Abbot of Ely in the middle of the eleventh century would not have spoken of himself and his compatriots as "Anglo-Saxons," and that it is inconsistent to write the son of Swegen Canute and another Dane of the same name Knut. For the better understanding of the story two maps of the district have been prefixed to it, whilst the appendix contains notes on the several religious houses in the Fenland.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A HISTORY of GREECE from the Earliest Times to the Present (1) seems to us a mistake upon the face of it. The better and more clearly the work is done the more palpable appears the error; and it is a compliment to Mr. Timayenis to say that his effort only proves that it ought never to have been undertaken. In truth there is no such thing as a continuous history of any existing nation, the Jews and Chinese excepted, from the eighth century before to the nineteenth century after Christ. In so far as the book may be a success and come to be the received school history, from which the rising generation of America may receive their ideas of Greek history, it will make a false impression, will create a sort of idea of continuity where utter discontinuity is the most absolute and the most significant truth. The contrast between different parts of the story, and the disproportionate space necessarily assigned to different periods, is in itself illustrative of their utter unlikeness, an unlikeness that could hardly exist between different epochs in the history of the same people; and it is not desirable that the impertinent pretension of the present inhabitants of Greece to the inheritance of Themistocles, Pericles, and Philopomen, should be accepted even in the New World. We cannot but wish, then, that Mr. Timayenis had left his book unwritten, though it affords a convenient summary of periods, which busy students have hardly time to study at large, and of which consequently they are apt to remain too absolutely ignorant. It is well to be able to fill up even in outline the gap which, for all who do not read Gibbon through, intervenes between our knowledge of the pre-Augustan and our knowledge of the later Turco-Russian history of the Eastern peninsula of the Mediterranean.

A Century of Dishonour (2) records a portion of modern history which may perhaps be taken to present the most effective possible contrast with that century which sheds its brilliancy on the work of Mr. Timayenis. As the story of the Rise and Rule of Athens is, perhaps, the most brilliant part of human history, so the tale of American dealing with the aboriginal inhabitants of the United States is that which presents the highest of civilized races in the most odious and contemptible light, which is redeemed by no single act of generosity, no single instance of good faith firmly kept; which represents democracy in the blackest, as Athens exhibited it in the brightest, colours; which shows how selfish, how vile, how cruel, how false a great nation can be. No one can know that history and say that we exaggerate in the least. If the crimes perpetrated against the Indians had been dealt with as similar crimes are treated by the humane laws of the most tolerant of modern nations, if the actors—statesmen and generals, soldiers and civil officers—had been tried even before Italian juries, the execution of some thousands of American citizens as the deliberate torturers and murderers of defenceless women and children, the transportation of ten times that number as thieves and swindlers, would have

(1) *A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Present*. By T. Timayenis. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(2) *A Century of Dishonour: a Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the North American Tribes*. By H. H. Author of "Verses," "Bits of Travel," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

been the only possible consequence. We can hardly recommend this volume to the study of English readers who have not our own painfully acquired familiarity with its truth. We are bound to say that the writer has exaggerated nothing that we know, and that we have no reason to think that where our knowledge does not bear out her statements they are in anywise inaccurate. And let it be remembered that, in the midst of their systematic treachery, falsehood, and cruelty throughout their century of unrivalled dishonour, the American nation and the American Government have had before them a bright example of conduct exactly reversing their own. It is impossible for them to plead necessity; for Canada has steadily kept faith with those towards whom America has steadily broken it; and the result is as decisive on the question of policy as it is conclusive on the point of honour.

We commend an American treatise on the Common Law (3), not merely to all the students of the Temple, but to all readers who have leisure and intelligence to devote to one of the most curious and instructive features of modern history, to one of the most remarkable instances of what historical and antiquarian science has lately chosen to call survivals. We recommend it, not because its author's name has an hereditary right to respect, is an hereditary promise of merit, but simply upon its own intrinsic value. Mr. O. W. Holmes, junior, shows at great length, and in many cases, how the strange principles of the Common Law came into being, and traces their gradual modification into accord with the necessities of modern life. They arose, as he points out with great force, and perhaps with still greater ingenuity, in certain universal but distinctly barbaric notions in the circumstances of a civilization very much more primitive and less complicated than that to which we first trace their historical application. The chapter on early forms of liability is in this respect peculiarly interesting, tracing the general notion of liability—which attaches often as distinctly, or even more distinctly, to things than to persons—if not actually to the childish and savage notion of revenge, alike on animate and inanimate instruments of injury, yet to the language which grew out of that feeling. He shows very cleverly and amusingly the application of this metaphorical language on the Bench of modern justice in sentences that somehow seem perfectly correct and reasonable, but, when examined, are hardly more logical than the anger of the child who beats the naughty chair on which it has fallen. The old rule as to the liability of the instruments of homicide—

Whatever moved to kill the dead
Is dead and and forfeited—

illustrates very clearly this confusion of Christian and almost civilized ideas with simply savage childishness.

Mr. Chaplin's *Chips from the White House* (4) will do well for the only purpose to which chips are generally applicable. They are fit for nothing but to light the fire with, except one here and there that throws some unintended light, not on the wisdom, but on the folly, of some occupants of the Presidential mansion. John Quincy Adams, for example, passes for one of the wisest and most dignified among them, and is evidently a favourite with the compiler. But his abuse of men, his equals in character and his superiors in intellect and political capacity, reminds us even more of Mr. Ferrand than Mr. Bright. Thus John Randolph's speeches "are a farrago of commonplace declamation, a stream of malignity and inflated egotism, one-third brandy and two-thirds water." From the day that he quitted the walls of Harvard College, a score of the foremost gentlemen in America, all named, and all bearing names at least as honoured as his own, are said to have "used up their faculties in base and dirty tricks to thwart the progress and destroy the character" of John Quincy Adams. A more contemptible exhibition of egotistic petulance and almost insane conceit has never been given to the world even by so injudicious a biographer as Mr. J. A. Froude.

Mr. Thayer's *Tact, Push, and Principle* (5) is a solid volume of good advice to young men, about as likely to profit them as all the other good advice that young men have received since the beginning of the world, and will continue to receive until the day, apparently not far distant, when it shall be the recognized function of the young to give advice to their elders.

Messrs. Hamersly's *Naval Encyclopedia* (6) is a very heavy quarto volume, convenient, no doubt, as a book of reference, but, in so far as a non-professional critic can judge, rendered somewhat incomplete and unsatisfactory in the effort to make it available by bringing it within such moderate space. For example, all we are told of the French navy is confined within the space of a quarter of a page. A much greater space is given to the history of our own navy, but the account of its actual condition again occupies but a quarter of a page. We are afraid that the work will be found inadequate in point of detail and minuteness to the needs of professional students, while others will have but occasional need to refer to it. It contains, of course, an immense quantity of

valuable information condensed into small compass, on such subjects as explosives, cannon, ironclads, and so forth, which are of pretty nearly universal interest. Great pains have unquestionably been taken with it, and if the author's labours are not crowned with all the success he desires and deserves it will be because the task he has undertaken has been clogged with incompatible conditions.

Mr. Calvert's volume (7) on Coleridge, Shelley, and Goethe belongs to a class of books numerous and familiar alike to the present generation in England and America, books in which a moderate amount of information, and that not very novel, is expanded by a vast quantity of reflection and comment, not very profound or original; a kind of work for which literary biography offers of course peculiar and almost unlimited opportunities.

Very different indeed is Professor Stanley Hall's little volume on certain aspects of German culture (8). It deals chiefly with those topics in which German accuracy and profundity of study has contributed largely to the general knowledge of the world on scientific questions and philosophic problems which occupy the especial attention of the present age, and not least with those in which the contributions of German thought to the universal treasure of knowledge have been least obvious and least appreciated. One passage, of no great length, illustrates the tone and value of the work before us as hardly any description of its contents could do:—"I know an old mechanic whose work is about perfect, and who is so conscientious and painstaking that he can trust no assistant or apprentice with any important part, although he has orders in advance for far more than he can do at almost triple the ordinary rates. He has been offered a large sum to allow his business to be extended under his name and supervision, but cannot bring himself to do so because he fears the work would not be as thoroughly done as he wishes. Another, a glass-blower, who, like the late Herr Geiseler of Bonn, has already made science his debtor by the thoroughness and ingenuity with which he has more than filled the orders of a few professional patrons, persistently refuses far more tempting offers to work for the trade. I would by no means assert that such men are the rule; but they are very often found, and have given a programme to the large party of small makers and sellers here. In some respects their position is, perhaps, analogous to that of the best old farming families still found in a few New England communities, but they are far more numerous. According to a recent reviewer, this class puts both art and conscience into business, and is the germ from which the future State will grow, while the Socialists accuse the Government of adopting a policy in the new tax laws which is likely to exterminate this party of business regeneration."

Under the title of *Early Spring in Massachusetts* (9), an admirer of Mr. Thoreau has given us a solid octavo volume full of descriptive extracts from his journal, full of curious and interesting reflections, and as well written as if intended for publication; but, considering the nature of the subject, perhaps somewhat too full. Had Mr. Thoreau prepared such passages for publication he would, of course, have condensed them not a little, and have avoided the repetitions inseparable from the comments of a diary upon the recurrent phenomena of Nature. The character of a Massachusetts spring suggests a vivid interest in the use of the Open Fire-place (10), so generally wanting in America, a subject upon which Mr. Pickering Putnam has put forth a volume whose illustrations are certainly its most valuable and curious portion, a work whose nominal purpose is a little marred by the evident disposition to insist on the merits of certain recent inventions and improvements.

Mrs. Howe's little treatise on Modern Society (11) is marked by all the characteristics of that hardly feminine school to which the author obviously belongs. There is a tendency to denounce faults, or supposed faults, without attempting to trace them to their roots in human nature and the necessary conditions of society, and to discover how far they are or are not avoidable or curable, and that exaggeration, still more that misrepresentation, of the claims and functions of their sex which ever characterizes those who are disposed to desert its true offices for those that men can necessarily fulfil better than women. After all, the work of the world must be done by men, and woman's education, woman's character, woman's place therein must be governed by the one paramount consideration—what will best enable them to fulfil their relations to the other sex. The author is very bitter upon the dollar worship of the age, though not fully disposed to acknowledge how very much more distinctly it characterizes America, France, and perhaps England, than any other country. It would seem as if she wilfully refused to discern the obvious reason that, in America and France, democracy has extinguished almost every other social distinction. One of the great uses of aristocracy is its tendency to maintain at least two other sources and standards of personal eminence—birth and public service.

(3) *The Common Law*. By O. W. Holmes, junior. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1881.

(4) *Chips from the White House; or, Selections from the Speeches, Diaries, Letters, &c., of all the Presidents of the United States*. Compiled by J. Chaplin. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(5) *Tact, Push, and Principle*. By William M. Thayer, Author of "Charles Jewett," &c. Boston: J. H. Earle. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(6) *A Naval Encyclopedia: containing Special Articles on Naval Art and Science*. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Hamersly & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(7) *Coleridge, Shelley, Goethe: Biographic Æsthetic Studies*. By G. H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *Aspects of German Culture*. By G. S. Hall, Ph.D. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(9) *Early Spring in Massachusetts*. From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau, Author of "Walden," &c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(10) *The Open Fire-place in all Ages*. By J. Pickering Putnam. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(11) *Modern Society*. By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

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PALL MALL GALLERY, 48 Pall Mall.—On and after May 1 will be OPENED the EXHIBITION of PICTURES by the celebrated Russian Artist, AIVAZOVSKY. Aivazovsky's "COLUMBUS'S SHIP IN A STORM."

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BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on Monday the 2nd, and RE-OPENED on Monday the 9th of May. EDWARD A. BOND, *Principal Librarian*.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, For the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans. The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 14, at Six o'clock. The Right Hon. the EARL of ROSEBURY in the Chair.

Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by: JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., *Honorary Secretary*. PHILIP CHARLES HARDWICK, *Treasurer*. F. LAMBE PRICE, *Secretary*, 24 Old Bond Street, W. Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

M. PIERRE LAFFITTE (Director of Positivism) will give TWO PUBLIC LECTURES, in French, on Wednesday, May 4 and 11, at Five P.M., at Newton Hall, Fleur-de-lis Court, Fetter Lane, E.C.—"The Social and Moral Philosophy of the Eighteenth Century." Admission free.

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LANDSCAPE GARDENING.—STUDENTS for the Profession will be received by Mr. EDWARD MILNER in the Crystal Palace Company's School of Gardening and Practical Floriculture after May 1.—For Prospectus, apply to the Under-superintendent at the Palace.

F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent of the School of Arts, Science, and Literature.

OWENS COLLEGE, Manchester.—The COUNCIL, having decided to found a new PROFESSORSHIP of APPLIED MATHEMATICS, invite applications from Gentlemen desirous of becoming Candidates. The fixed stipend is £250 per annum, in addition to two-thirds of the fees paid by Students. The appointment will date from September 29 next. Further information respecting the duties of the Professor may be obtained from the PRINCIPAL of the College. Applications and testimonials, addressed to the Council, will be received up to May 23.

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THE Misses A. & R. LEECH'S SCHOOL for LITTLE BOYS will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, May 2, at 65 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W. Arrangements are made for Daily Pupils.

THE DORECK LADIES' COLLEGE, 63 Kensington Gardens Square, London, W.—The SUMMER TERM will begin on Tuesday, May 2. Lady Principals—Miss M. E. BAILEY and Fraulein NEUHOFER.

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CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight £40; Four £30. Election, third Tuesday in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS at the OXFORD MILITARY COLLEGE. Two of £75, Two of £50, and Two of £25 a year, tenable for two years, will be offered next September. Candidates must either be Sons of Officers or else be intended for the Army. For some of the Scholarships they must be under Fifteen; for the rest under sixteen.—For particulars apply to the HEADMASTER, Oxford Military College, Cowley, Oxford.

Mrs. Judd's account of the Hawaiian Islands (12) is worthy the attention of those who are at all interested in the fortunes of a peculiar, amiable, and, we fear, a doomed community. Her sketches have at any rate the merit of comparative brevity, though there is a certain disproportion in the space given to different topics, not according to their intrinsic value or general interest, but to the connection of the writer therewith.

Mr. Emerton's *Life on the Sea-Shore* (13) is a modest, we fear a somewhat too terse and dry, contribution to the diffusion among the young of such a knowledge of natural history as can be acquired by and rendered useful to all.

Miss Bates's *Longfellow Birthday Book* (14) is a compilation from the works of Mr. Longfellow arranged upon, perhaps, the most absurd and arbitrary principle ever adopted by selectors, arbitrary and unreasonable as that class of book-makers ever are.

Somebody's Neighbours (15) is a collection of reprinted stories, and *Flirtation Camp* (16), a story of adventure in Californian wilds, differing from a multitude of recent and very popular publications chiefly in this, that the actors are adults, not schoolboys, and that the presence of ladies adds life, colour, and warmth to the scene.

We welcome a new volume of verse from Mr. Greenleaf Whittier (17), certainly not his best. Nothing of his is ever wanting in vigour and spirit; few of his meditative or narrative pieces approach in force, energy, and effect to those of pure invective, and certainly none of those in this volume equal the best of those invectives that, while slavery existed, made his well-deserved reputation.

(12) *Honolulu: Sketches of Life, Social, Political, and Religious, in the Hawaiian Islands, 1828-1861.* By Laura Fish Judd. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(13) *Life on the Sea-Shore; or, Animals of our Coasts and Bays.* By James H. Emerton. Illustrated. Salem: G. A. Bates. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(14) *The Longfellow Birthday Book.* Arranged by Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(15) *Somebody's Neighbours.* By Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(16) *Flirtation Camp; or, the Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California.* A Sporting Romance. By T. S. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hubert. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(17) *The King's Messias; and other Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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FETTES COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.—EIGHT OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS. Two of £60, Two of £50, Two of £40, Two of £30. Examination in July. Candidates residing in England may be examined in London. For particulars apply to HEAD-MASTER, Fettes College, Edinburgh.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Twelve to be competed for, June 25. Value from 70 Guineas (covering School Fees) to £50. Ages under 14 and 15½. Candidates may be examined at Rossall or Oxford, as preferred, in Classics or Mathematics. Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

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1. CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH, by Messrs. Storch & Kramer, from the "Transfiguration," a Fresco by Ferrigno in the Sala del Cambio, Perugia.
2. TEN ENGRAVINGS, by Professor Gruner, from Frescoes by Pinturicchio in the Piccolomini Library, Siena.
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